THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIII—No. 1465

JANUARY 13, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, January 13, 1932

the BYSTANDER

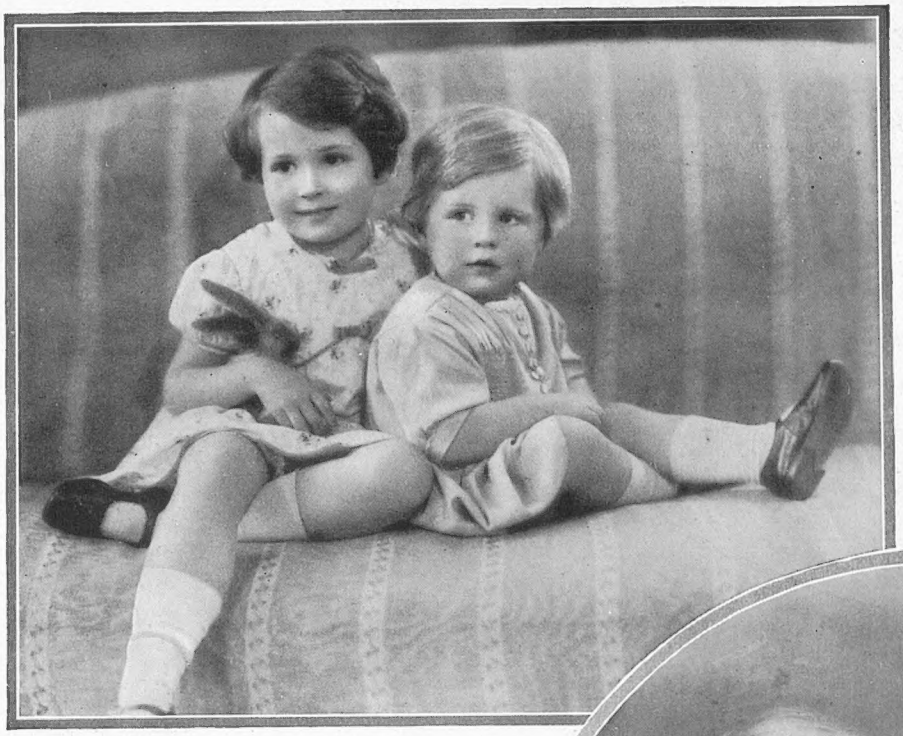
No. 1465. Vol. CXIII.

Sasha

MRS. CECIL PIM

She is one of the most piquant and best-dressed women in Society. Her husband, Capt. Cecil Pim, of the Scots Guards, is a keen winter sports enthusiast who has put up many fine performances on the Cresta Run

SOME LITTLE BRITONS



Lenare

Above : Philippa, aged seven, and David, who is nearly three, Lord and Lady Cromwell's two charming little kiddies, whose home is at Misterton Hall, Lutterworth, near Rugby. Their father, who won the M.C. in the War, was formerly a Major in the King's Royal Rifle Corps

Marcus Adams

Above : Lady Mary Anne and Lady Sarah Grey Stuart, the children of the Earl and Countess of Moray. The Scottish Earldom of Moray dates back to 1561, the family seats being at Darnaway Castle, Forres, Castle Stuart, Inverness-shire, Donibristle Park, Aberdour and Doune Lodge, Perthshire

Lenare

Left : The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunkett with Neela and the baby, Doon Aileen, who was recently christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Before her marriage in 1927 to Lord Plunket's elder brother, she was Miss Aileen Guinness, and is the daughter of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Guinness

Keeping Twelfth Night at Drury Lane. Mary Clare cutting the Baddeley Cake at Drury Lane, where the ceremony has been performed regularly every Twelfth Night since 1796 in accordance with the bequest of the actor, who left £100 for this purpose. Mr. C. M. Lowne and members of the "Cavalcade" company are seen participating in the ceremony

the passing hour

NOBODY will be more pleased than Lord Jersey at being at last clear of all the fuss, bustle, and plans incidental to a fashionable wedding. He is badly in need of a rest cure, which he will assuredly get on his world trip now. On Sunday he and Miss Patricia Richards, as she still was three days ago, gave an at home at Osterley Park, Lord Jersey's lovely place at Isleworth, just off the Great West Road.

S

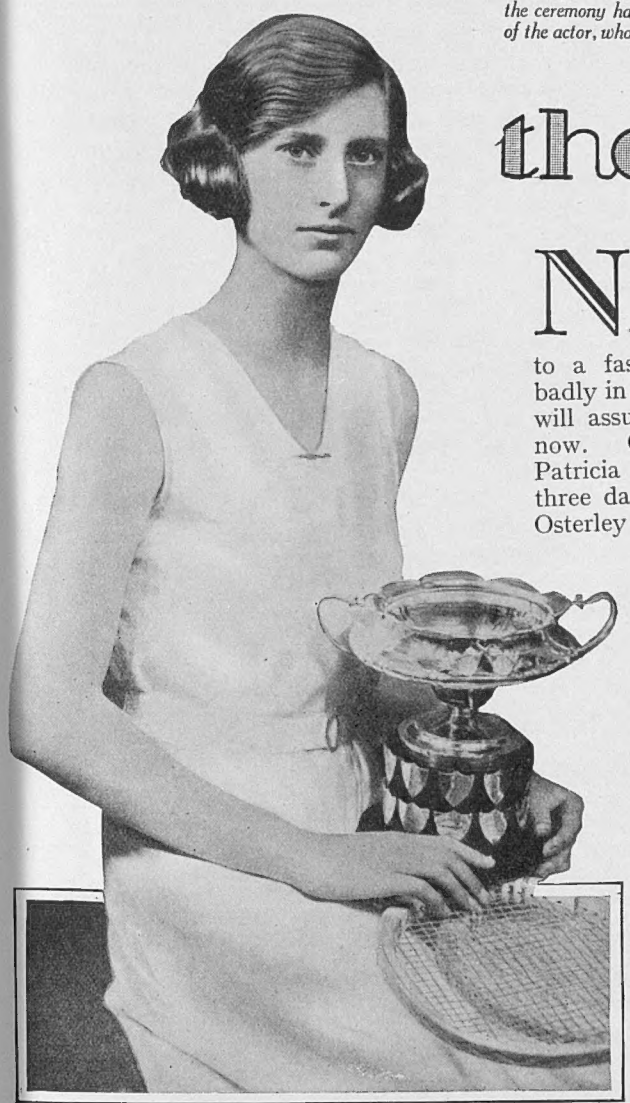
AT Osterley they have got the original forerunner of Corinthian bagatelle. It is about eighty years old, and instead of having those little steel balls, you spin a little wooden top which runs around knocking down tiny upright posts, each of which has a different numerical value. Incidentally, I was first introduced to Corinthian bagatelle by Mr. C. B. Cochran at his house in the country at least eight months ago. It must have been one of the first boards to be seen in England, having been brought over by him from the United States.

S

LADY VERONICA HORNBY'S honeymoon must have been one of the briefest in the history of Mayfair. She has already been back for some days at her favourite haunt, the Ritz. One day last week it so happened that she was lunching in the restaurant there with her husband, while her mother was lunching in the grill with her fiancé. Lord Dufferin and Ava, who has not been at all well recently, is going off to India on this new commission of enquiry, and hopes to benefit considerably from the sea voyage.

S

IT is really rather a problem for newly marrieds to know where to go for their honeymoon these days. As long as they are not affected by the position of the franc, however, they need not be afraid to go to the South of France. For, from the point of view of the weather, the Riviera has nothing to complain about. The President of the Syndicate d'Initiative



Miss Sheila Hewitt, the daughter of Rear-Admiral D. W. Hewitt, who won the singles in the recent Beau Site Tournament at Cannes. Miss Hewitt, who is the Junior Champion, beat Miss Thomas in the final by 8—10, 6—2, 6—1

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

DRESS.
GOLF.
JANE GORDON'S ROUND AND ABOUT.
THEATRES.
SHOOTING,
Etc.

RIFTS IN THE MARITAL LUTE

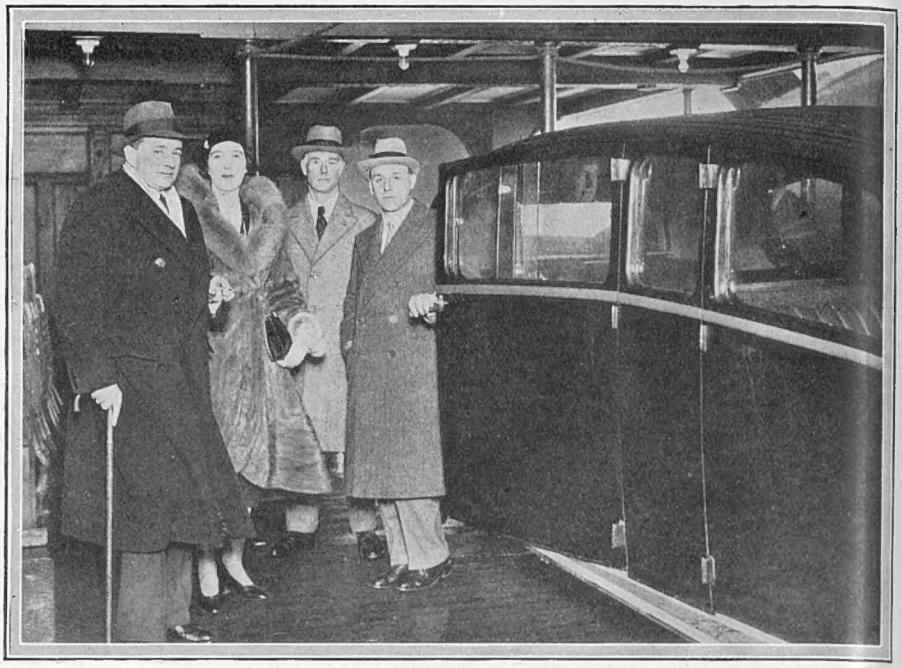
at Cannes has written to me to say that during December there were 186 hours of sunshine—an average of six hours a day—while rain fell only on two occasions, the total amount being one-third of an inch.

MISS VIRGINIA DAWES, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, is said to have lost her heart completely to a young Englishman. Miss Dawes returned last Tuesday to Paris, for she is still at a finishing school. She is a pretty girl, and was to be seen at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve dancing with a handsome youth dressed as a Mexican cowboy.

IN contrast to this budding romance, it would appear that at least two "well-knowns" have been parted from their wives in the past few days. One is the elder of two brothers, both of whom married actresses. Altogether, the Divorce Court judge is going to be kept very busy this term, which began on Monday. I myself know at least ten people who are divorcing or being divorced.

ONE of the star turns at any dinner party where young politicians are present is always provided by the inevitable verbal duels between Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P., and Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, M.P. It would be impossible to imagine a bigger contrast between two young men. Mr. Bracken is rugged-looking, spectacled, and red-haired. Mr. Marjoribanks is tall, slim, elegant, with long hair which droops negligently over his left eye.

THEY always go at it hammer-and-tongs until one of them retires, sometimes quite precipitately, tearing his hair. As a side-show it is always more amusing if the host is able to add fuel to the flames if ever the repartee begins to flicker low. I was hearing all about this from Lady Dunn, who, with Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, has started a Same-Day cleaning establishment



Commander Sir Dennistoun Burney recently sailed for America taking with him his latest model stream-line car, which he has been asked to demonstrate at Detroit to members of the Society of Automobile Engineers of America. The above photograph, taken after the car had been placed on the promenade deck of the Berengaria, shows Major J. Courtauld, M.P., Mrs. Courtauld, Lieut.-Colonel J. Benskin, and Commander Sir Dennistoun Burney

E.N.A.

Prince Lennart of Sweden with Miss Karen Nissvandt, who, it has been authoritatively announced, he is to marry in the early spring. He is a grandson of the King of Sweden

E.N.A.

Mme. Lupescu, the chère amie of King Carol of Roumania, who has been forced to leave that country for her own safety. Her departure marks a triumph for the Premier, M. Jorga, who had for long been urging the King to agree to her banishment from Roumania

THE PLIGHT OF THE CLUBS

R. H. Lee (left), Mrs. Eileen Bennett Whittingstall, H. K. Lester, Miss Betty Nuthall and G. P. Hughes, who, with F. J. Perry, will leave on Tuesday next to play lawn tennis in Jamaica and Bermuda. They are seen discussing details of their tour at the May Fair Hotel

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Sticky going has undoubtedly upset several contemplated coups, and under more favourable conditions the horses concerned should recover losses.

NAHMA was supported just on the "off" at Leicester, and was jumping splendidly and keeping a good position when she struck a bad patch of ground and dropped back. Follow up for a two miles hurdle.

SUNNY PEACE is a promising recruit to hurdling, and he was heavily backed at Leicester, where he won a two miles 'chase comfortably. Will win again.

SWIFTFORD has greatly improved in his jumping recently and has a good chance at Lingfield to wipe out early defeats.

AVRA BRIDGE must not be overlooked at Lingfield. Was up against something hot in Christopher at Plumpton.

DUTCH GOLD has missed a number of engagements recently, and must be backed when he makes his reappearance. Was an odds-on favourite for a two miles hurdle at Fontwell in October.

D.D.B. proved an expensive failure at Leicester. Was going well prior to bungling the fourth fence from home. Follow up with confidence for a three miles 'chase.

in Bruton Place, and gave a sherry party to celebrate the occasion.

S

Now that the first ten days of January are over, the secretaries of many of the social clubs are sitting back sadly licking their wounds. Wholesale resignations have occurred in one famous club after another. Something like fifty have been received, for example, at the St. James's, and there have also been seventeen or eighteen deaths during 1931. This is a terrible drop in membership when you remember that there are only five hundred members at the best of times.

S

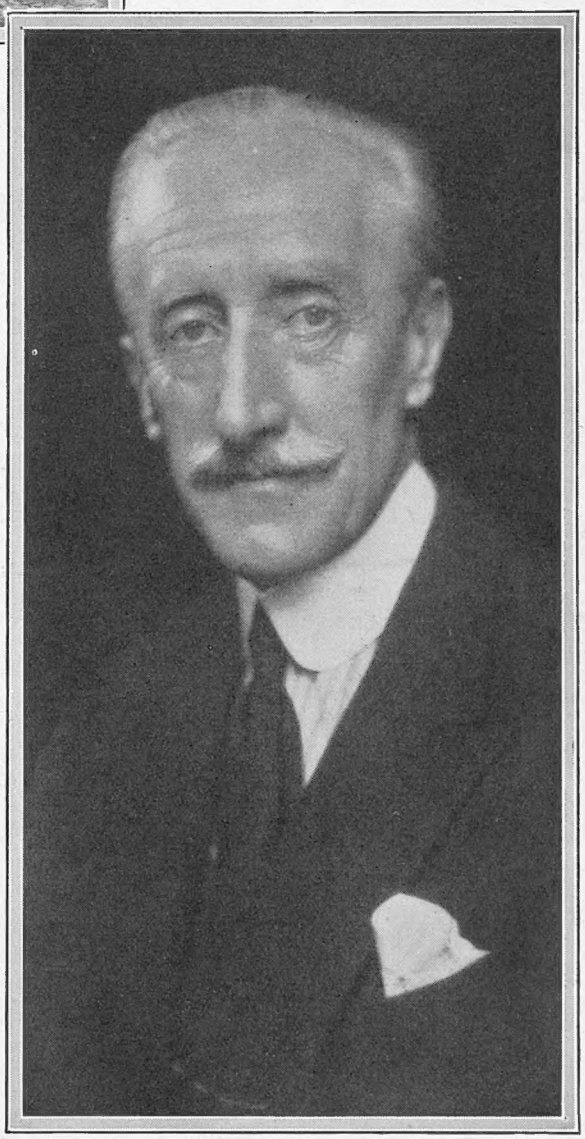
THE St. James's is the scene of higher contract bridge play than anywhere else in London, the Portland included. Two years ago or so, when White's were billeted on them during that club's redecoration process, the fines for staying after midnight amounted to a sum in the neighbourhood of £7,000. With the increased income-tax, bridge-playing must naturally grow limited.

S

AT another famous club the committee did not tell any of the candidates for election that the entrance fee was going to be abolished on January 1, and seventeen new members—elected last month—are feeling rather sore about it. This club is

Lafayette

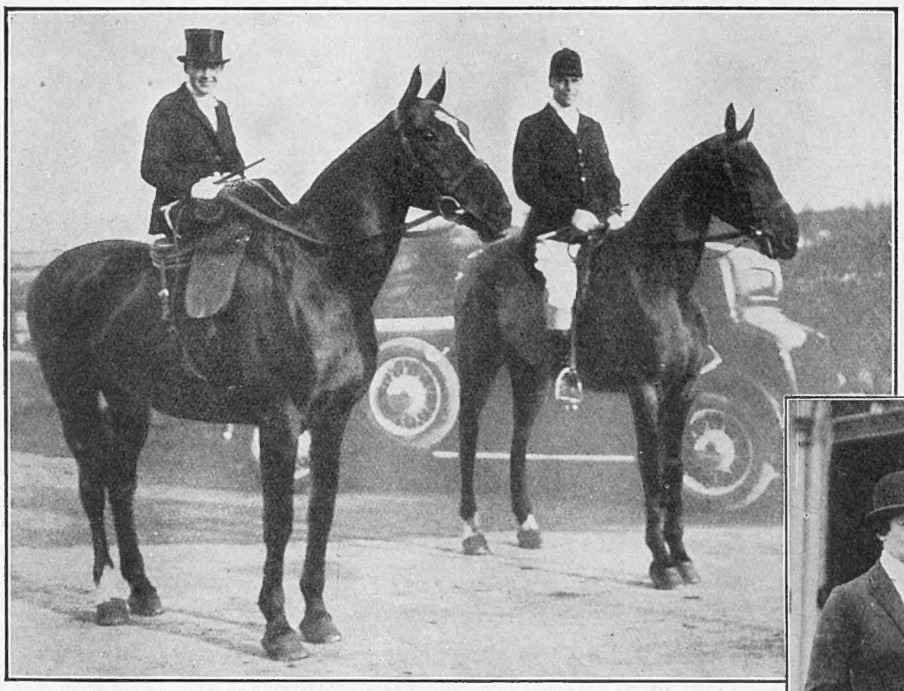
Miss Rose Bingham, one of the best-known girls in Society, who was a bridesmaid at the wedding of the Earl of Jersey and Miss Pat Richards at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday, January 12. She is the daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand



Lenare

A new portrait of Lord Willingdon, the Viceroy of India, who has recently been in the news even more than is general with Viceroys. His Ordinances to suppress the Indian Congress, now proclaimed illegal, have been energetic and salutary in upholding the dignity of the British Raj and putting a stop to terrorism by the murdering of Europeans

WITH THE POPULAR IRISH HUNTS



Poole, Waterford

Above: The Marquess and Marchioness of Waterford at a meet of the Waterford at Rathgormack. Lord Waterford and Mr. Richard Russell have been Joint-Masters of this pack, numbering thirty-six couple, since 1927

Poole, Dublin

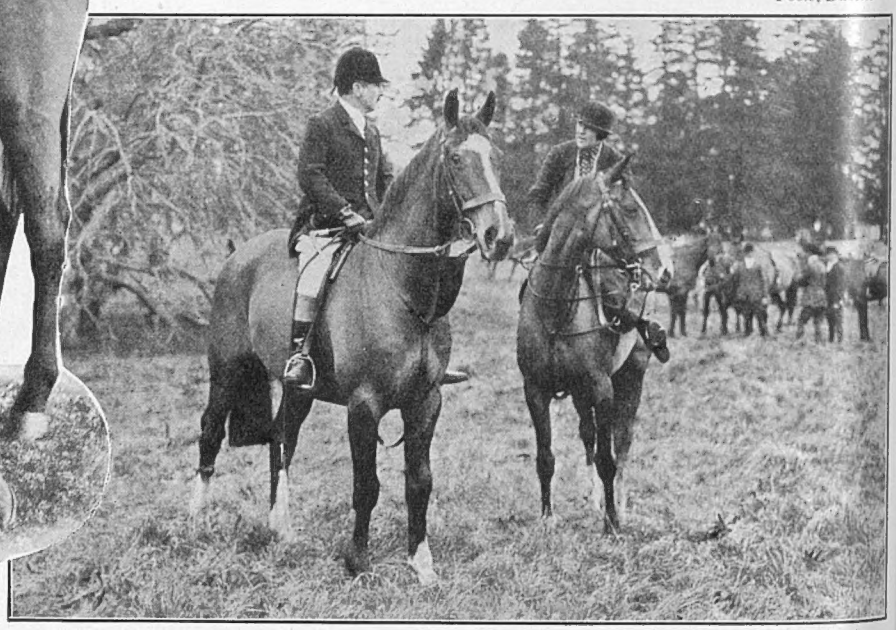
Right: Lady Athlumney and the Earl and Countess of Fingall at a meet of the Royal Meaths at the Earl's seat, Killeen Castle, the oldest inhabited castle in Ireland. The Meath is Ireland's premier hunt, and its history dates back to 1723

Poole, Dublin

Lady Moyra Butler (standing), and Miss Barbara McNeill at a meet of the Kilkenny. It was held at Kilkenny Castle, on the banks of the river Nore, the seat of her father, the Earl of Ossory. The Master of this famous pack is Major Dermot McCalmont, the owner of that great racehorse, The Tetrarch

said to have lost nearly a hundred members in the past few days. Yet another famous club has lowered its subscriptions by two guineas a year, and three others have knocked off the entrance fee altogether.

IN the case of the International Sportsmen's Club at Grosvenor House there have been several instances of wives resigning while their husbands continue to be members, and vice versa. But, on the whole,



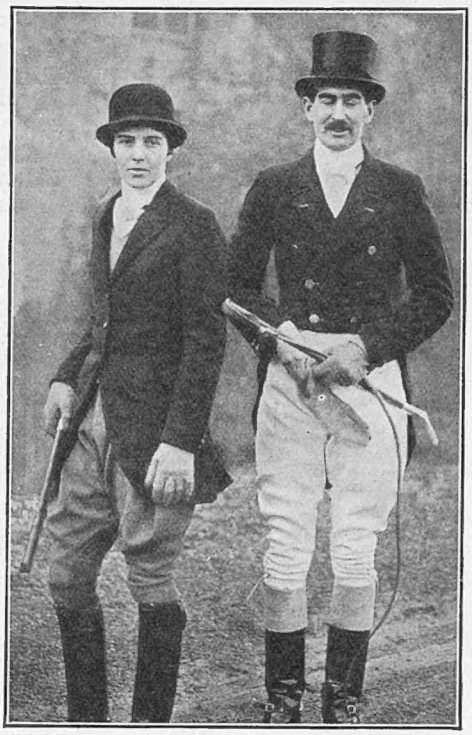
Poole, Waterford

Major Dermot McCalmont, M.F.H., and Mrs. McMorrough Kavanagh at a meet of the Kilkenny at Kilfane. Numbering fifty couple, this hunt meets four times a week during the season, and hunts a country in Meath and West Meath about sixty miles long and thirty miles broad

OUT AND ABOUT IN THE HUNTING FIELD

The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell and the Hon. Camila Gurdon at a meet of the Belvoir held at Sproxton

The Princess Royal at a meet of the Bramham Moor at Hollin Hall, near Harewood. Her husband, the Earl of Harewood, is Joint-Master with his brother, the Hon. Edward Lascelles, of this famous Yorkshire pack



With the Cottesmore. Captain and Mrs. Michael Hornby at the meet held at Owston, near Oakham

Colonel Lynch can feel perfectly happy about the situation. This club is the most luxurious in London, and is even more useful to the wives than it is to the husbands. Incidentally, I hear that Mrs. Pittman, who was the first string of a woman's squash rackets team that played against the men, handsomely defeated her opponent, Mr. Winston.

HAVE you been to Olympia yet? It is becoming once again quite the thing to do to get up a party, particularly for the side-shows. There was a large party taken round the evening I was there by Mr. Jerry Emmanuel, and the number of Old Etonian ties to be seen outside the Performing Flea tent and the dart-throwing booths in particular were considerable. I also saw Miss Teddie Gerrard there.

FRANKLY, I did not think very much of the stuffed whale, but the Freak show is good fun because none of the exhibits is repulsive. The Bearded Lady is a very fine specimen. She comes from Paris. The Midget, who is thirty-six years old, makes as much as forty pounds a week. I hear, incidentally, that her success at selling postcards is giving her rather a swelled head—if a midget can get one.

The Hon. Diana Fellowes seen before hounds moved off from a meet of the Quorn at Wymeswold. Major A. E. Burnaby and Sir Harold Nutting are the Joint-Masters of this historic hunt, which started as long ago as 1698

ONE of the more amusing functions arranged for this week is the first of the series of ten lessons on "Economy Courses" given by Marcel Boulestin to the cooks and housewives of Mayfair in a famous store in Piccadilly. I would love to see a photograph of the scene. Just to explain what it is all about, here is the circular which reached me:

"IT is our clear duty to make every possible economy in the fight for the restoration of our national prosperity. This does not mean, however, that we are to live a life of rigid austerity, setting aside all the joys of modern civilisation. Rather is it incumbent upon us to spend wisely and to derive the maximum pleasure from such luxuries as still fall within our compass.

"HAVING regard to these facts, M. Boulestin has designed two courses, each of ten

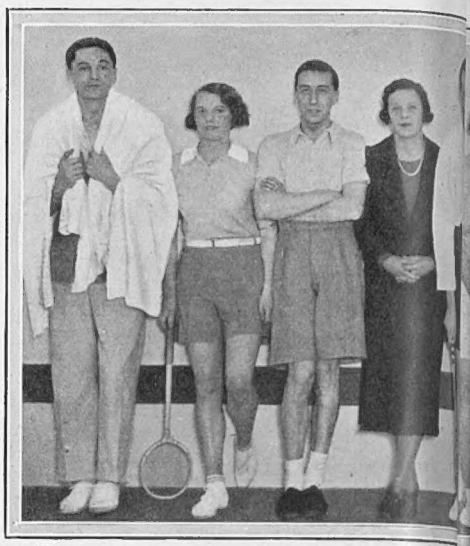
TWO RECENT LONDON WEDDINGS

lessons which he intends to call his Economy Courses. During these courses he will explain and demonstrate how domestic materials at relatively small cost can be used in the creation of many attractive dishes of exceptional merit. As his subscription towards the common cause, M. Boulestin proposes to charge the reduced fee of £4 4s. (payable in advance) for the above ten lessons instead of his ordinary one of £5 5s."

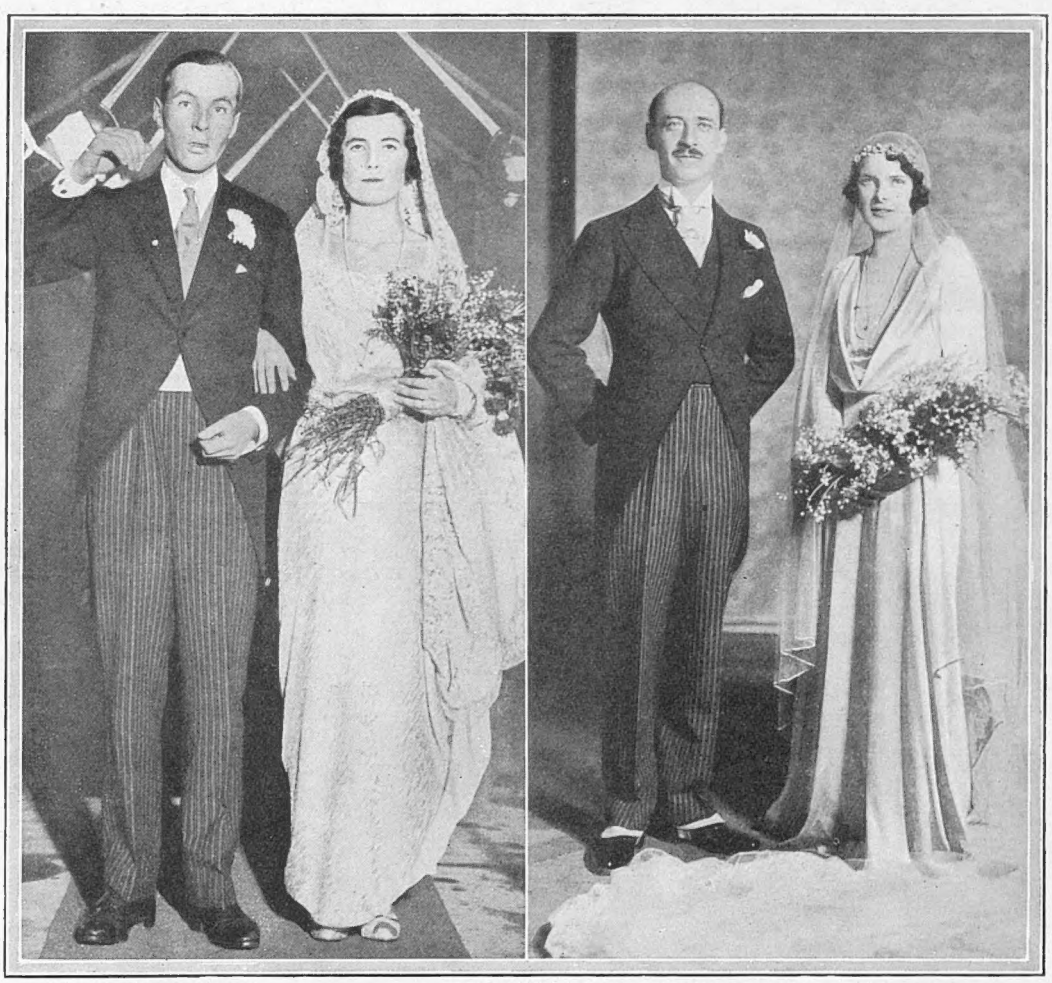
THE death of Mr. H. W. Priestley at the comparatively early age of forty-four has come as a great shock to members of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Priestley was a partner in Mullens Marshall, the Government brokers, whom he joined only two years ago. He served throughout the War, and gained the Military Cross. Sir John Mullens, whose name is incorporated in the firm's title, is the father of Princess George Imeritinsky and Mrs. Barney. There is no son.

COMPLETE silence seems to reign in Switzerland about the winter sports season there. Most people who are going abroad are continuing the new vogue of luxury cruises. Thus Lord and Lady Brentford are going off on January 22 to the West Indies. Amy Lady Rowley has gone to Madeira. Lord and Lady Cochrane have gone to Ceylon, and the Hon. Mrs. Alastair Watson is leaving for the West Indies on January 23.

THE mountainous Royal Commission on Licensing has, after two years of travail, been delivered of a report which is a ridiculous mouse; and even that mouse is still-born, for it would be the surprise of the century if the Government took the least notice of it. From the moment when the personnel of the Commission was announced it was obvious that this would happen, for many of the members were fantical teetotal mugwumps with preconceived ideas, and not one of them representing the "man in the street." Why should we be bullied by a recrudescence of "Dora"?



The teams who met in a Ladies versus Men Squash Ra... Club, Grosvenor House, last week. From left to ... Pittman, the Marquess of Donegall, Mrs. J. W... Mr. T. Barrett, Miss Raphael, Miss ...



Bassano

Mr. Ralph Younger, 7th Hussars, and Miss Mary Mills leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week. The bride is the only daughter of the late Mr. Charles Remington Mills and of Mrs T. McDougal, of Market Harborough

Sir Richard Leighton, Bart, and Miss Kathleen Irene Lindon Lees, the only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. E. Lees, of Rowton Castle, Shropshire, after their wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Sir Richard's residence, Loton Park, is close to his bride's former home

MILLIONS of pounds are invested in breweries and the allied trades. Millions of pounds are paid to the Government in excise and taxes—so much so, indeed, that saturation point has been reached and higher rates are producing less revenue. So long as saturation does not overcome the purchaser, it is for the good of the country that more freedom rather than less should be the order of the day, and as a counterblast to this silly Report I would suggest that the Government embarks upon a big advertising campaign with the slogan, "Drink More Beer." What is the good of a "Come to Britain" movement if every place of resort is hedged round with childish restrictions?

I SEE that once again it is proposed that

WINTER SPORTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

atch at the International Sportsmen's e: Mr. L. Winston, Mrs. J. B. r. A. D. Forster, Miss H. Nitch, d Commander R. W. Moore

Right: A trio of holiday-makers at St. Moritz. They are M. Nicolas Titulesco, the Roumanian Minister to this country, Mme. Titulesco and M. G. Constantinescu, First Secretary to the Legation in London

Two keen young enthusiasts setting off for the nursery slopes at Braemar, where many people have been enjoying their first, but by no means their last, winter sports holiday in Great Britain

the right of entry to clubs by the police should be given. This is another silly suggestion. Reputable clubs ought to be allowed to conduct their affairs in their own way. Where reform is needed is in the *granting* of licences. People who have no respect for the law can plank down five shillings and become unfair competitors to licensed houses, which pay far, far more for the privilege and who obey the law, by selling drinks to Tom, Dick, and Harry at any hour of the day or night. This *is* an abuse which could easily be remedied, but as this is the common-sense way of dealing with the difficulty the Commission, of course, did not recommend it.

S

As predicted by our hunting correspondent a few weeks ago, the Prince of Wales has by no means given up his favourite sport—fox-hunting. His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester, motored by night from Sandringham to attend the recent meet of the famous Belvoir bitch pack at Plungar, and, despite the heavy going, he enjoyed a good forty minutes' run shown by a Kaye Hill fox during the afternoon.

S

The Prince, who, by the way, wore a black coat and canary waistcoat in lieu of the more orthodox "pink," was, in the earlier part of the day, mounted on a splendid bay hunter owned by General George Paynter, of cross-country fame, who is an Extra Equerry to His Majesty the King and is married to a daughter of Sir Philip Hunloke, the noted yachtsman. Later he rode horses from the Army Remount Depôt at Sysonby. Both the Prince of Wales and his hard-riding brother were up at the kill, which took place in General Sir Edward le Marchant's grounds at Colston Bassett Hall.

Bertram Park

Miss Lois Walker, whose marriage to Mr. George Nickerson took place at the Guards' Chapel on Monday last, January 11. She is the eldest daughter of the late Capt. Oswald Walker and of Mme. de Juge Montespieu

HORS D'OEUVRES

By "Cavaire"

"WHO has got pretty toes?" I asked a competent judge. "Very few women," he answered sadly. "I hate these new sandals." Lady Veronica Hornby wears her finger and toe nails in different shades to match her dresses. Miss Margaret Whigham sticks to red varnish. Rosita Forbes, or, rather, Mrs. Arthur McGrath, owns that her toes are none too beautiful, but she has the excuse of having tramped many weary miles across the desert; nevertheless, they look quite nice in an emerald-green coat—of varnish.

* * *

CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORT has gone to America to stay with Mr. Joe Widener at Palm Beach. The former will cause many American hearts to flutter—for he is very good-looking, tall, clever, and charming. He has caused much disappointment among fair English anglers for some years. Did I forget to say he is one of our most famous racehorse trainers? But everyone knows that.

* * *

THERE are several very lovely girls who seem to have escaped the eagle eye of our untiring gossip press, although they are here, there, and everywhere. Miss Mary Silver is one, a blonde whose hair is a mass of tiny curls. Miss Betty Scofield is another, vivacious, golden-haired, with great charm; and why do we hear so little about Miss Mary Hamilton, otherwise Mrs. Booker?

* * *

A WORM turned—or rather a husband returned, to don "the trousers"—and a diamond and ruby bracelet has been returned. Such a to-do, but the young man in question has not suggested a permanence, so "she" can only weep and pray.

* * *

WHY do some women whisper—glancing, of course, the while at the object of their conversation? A certain "well-known" is inclined that way. Personally, I admire Mrs. Evan Morgan, who says out aloud if she doesn't like anyone. I do like frankness.

* * *

MISS FRANCES DAY is more seductive and husband-unsettling than usual when she sings her "just-to-you" songs at Claridge's. The silver and cream restaurant is a perfect setting for her real ash-blonde beauty, and oh! how she charms one's best young man! I often see some very lovely people at Claridge's—Miss Coral Pinckard for one. She is so like Lady Haddington, only not quite so dark; in fact, they are often mistaken for each other.

* * *

A PRETTY brunette has been given twenty-four hours to choose between "them" and she can't make up her mind. Both are rich, good-looking, and so "in-love."

VELVET is smart again for day-wear, especially black, for blondes. Perhaps Lady Seafield, with her pale Titian hair, doesn't come under that category, but her black velvet suit is very chic with a white piqué waistcoat. Lady Castlerosse has a long coat of the same velvet which she wears with a long narrow stole of sable.

* * *

"I ADORE tip-tilted noses," a famous film star told me, and we discussed some adorable ones—Lady Ashley's, Mrs. Cecil Pim's, and her friend Mrs. Archie Campbell's, Mrs. "Flash" Kellett's, and Miss Jessie Matthews'.

Peter North

The Countess of Lathom whose new book on French art, written in collaboration with Mr. P. E. Konody, the eminent critic, makes its appearance at an appropriate time now that the exhibition of French art is drawing crowds daily to Burlington House. Her late husband was noted for his great love of the theatre, for which he worked so hard

Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn. She and brother Hamish are considered two of the wittiest young people in Mayfair

Peter North

* * *

I HEAR a well-known beautiful lady is very angry about a certain caricature—in fact, her language on the subject quite frightened me.

* * *

MISS BETTY DU PRÉ has a most interesting face, full of expression and vivacity, and that type of beauty one never gets bored with. Of Lady Georgiana Curzon can be said the same. It is strange to find such a beautiful mother and daughter as Lady Howe and Lady Georgiana, and both utterly different in type.

* * *

A VERY eligible bachelor is Sir Ian Walker, who has just left for three months in Kenya. Sir Ian has a wonderful place called Osmaston, which is near Derby. When he inherited the house it was hideous inside, having been decorated when it was built somewhere in the '60's.

* * *

SIR IAN has now pickled all the panelling, which was reddish-brown, and hidden away cases of stuffed birds with which the house abounded! His sister, and a very pretty one too, is the Countess de Bosdari, who inherited a fortune from her uncle the other day.

* * *

I SHALL give a fictitious prize every week to the most charming "lovely" I have seen. This week it is Miss Nina Rathbone, who is working at Mrs. "Freddie" Cripps' shop in Bond Street. She has a darling smile and I guarantee she could sell you anything.

Incidents in the ENGLAND v. SOUTH AFRICA Match

Above: A vital moment in the England-South African match at Twickenham, showing R. J. Barr, the English back (in white), stumbling just before touching down, thus giving F. Bergh the opportunity of scoring South Africa's only try

Right: In an attempt to score a South African player causes the referee, Mr. W. L. Freeman, Irish R.F.U., in striped jersey, to take a toss. His decision concerning the South African try was not relished by the crowd, who considered that the English back had touched down previously

AS was generally expected, South Africa defeated England. A dropped goal and a try, 7 points to nil, was the extent of the beating, and had it not been for the superb defence of the Home team the defeat would have been greater, for, territorially, the visitors had much the best of the game. The English three-quarter line had but little opportunity of showing their attacking qualities, so seldom were they presented with the ball, for at forward England was overweighted in the scrums

GEMS from the FREN
BURLINGTO

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY," BY A. CABANEL (1823—1889)
Lent by the Louvre

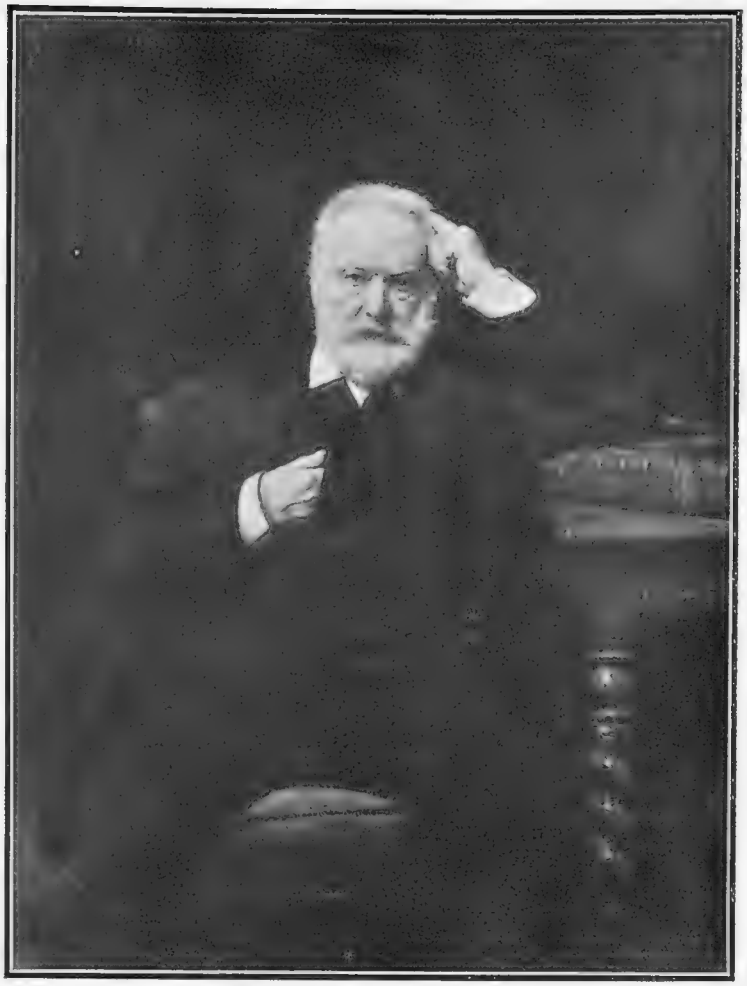
"DAME AU BAIN," BY (FRANÇOIS), CALLED JANET, CLOUET (Circa 1520—1572). *Lent by Sir Herbert Cook*

"CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU," BY PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAIGNE (1602—1674). *Lent by His Majesty the Kin*

...RT EXHIBITION at ...HOUSE

"LA PLAGE DE TROUVILLE," BY EUGÈNE-LOUIS BOUDIN (1824-1898). *Lent by M. Germain Seligmann*

One of the most wonderful collections of pictures ever assembled under one roof is to be seen at Burlington House, where the Exhibition of French Art is housed till March 5. Covering a period ranging from 1200 to 1900, it includes masterpieces by the greatest artists of their time and provides a spectacle seldom equalled



"VICTOR HUGO," BY LEON-JOSEPH-FLORENTIN BONNAT (1834—*after* 1900). *Lent by Mme. Jeanne Negremonte*

PORTRAIT, PRESUMED TO BE OF MLLE. LUCIE O'MURPHY, BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER
Lent by M. Jean Charpentier

A BRILLIANT DANCING FILM STAR

Conchita Montenegro, the young Fox Films star, who will be seen with Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe in "The Cisco Kid." She is an excellent dancer, and appeared in London, Berlin and Madrid before going to the United States in 1930

By Jack Greenall

1st Red Indian: "I wonder which is the way to the circus?"
2nd Red Indian: "I don't know. Let's ask this paleface"

if Gossip we must

EVENTS are moving swiftly in India, the most significant of them at the time of writing being that Gandhi has got it well in the loincloth. The arrest of the Great Soul has resulted, among many things, in a singularly silly telegram to the Viceroy from Mr. Lansbury. Now, Mr. Lansbury is a person of benevolent appearance and transparent honesty, who, when he is arranging "Lidos" and being photographed with children is at his very best. He does this sort of thing supremely well. But when he starts to meddle in foreign politics he becomes a mischievous old busybody. I remember a sentimental journey of his to Russia; and his Indian record would be described as black were it not for the fact that it is marked at every stage by that form of pig-headed ignorance which takes it for granted that whenever an Englishman has any dealings with an Oriental the Oriental must, as a matter of course, be in the right and the Englishman in the wrong. This is what is known as "fair play for our Indian comrades."

SENTIMENTALISTS of this type always prate of detesting assassination. Yet, from a safe distance and with the best intentions in the world, they adopt the very course which encourages it and squeal about tyranny and oppression the moment any firm step is taken to grapple with it. The arrest of Gandhi and the declaration that Congress—formerly a loyal body, but now, thanks largely to the efforts in the past of Mrs. Annie Besant, a sort of Gandhi in petticoats, a grossly disloyal one—is illegal have not been carried out as an Imperialist whim of a wickedly reactionary Government, but in order to stop murder after murder. Congress has been preaching violence and sedition all along the line. Mr. Gandhi's talk of "peaceful picketing" and "fighting the Government out of love" is a piece of hypocritical eyewash which would not, I should have thought, have deceived anybody, though it has obviously deceived Mr. Lansbury. Every stage of the Indian crisis points to the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill was entirely in the right. To go into the wilderness because one's policy is correct, and is proved to be correct, has happened to many a man before, and it will happen again. It is, indeed, one of the marks of greatness as well as one of its penalties.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Gandhi, safe in prison, where he can be reactive to his heart's content and weave away in an odour of martyrdom, really comes out of the business pretty comfortably. All that he will suffer will be a slight lack of that publicity which is the breath of life to him. In that respect he has had rather a bad spell. His visit to England was somewhat eclipsed by its

One of the largest children's parties ever organised was given recently at Olympia, when more than two thousand kiddies from all parts of the British Isles were entertained by Eugène and Hovendens. Above, Jean Colin, in one of the dresses she wears in the revival of "La Poupée" at Daly's is seen with two prize-winners in the fancy dress competition which she judged

coincidence with a political and financial crisis of the first order, as was the visit of Mr. Charlie Chaplin. One of the few touches of humorous relief I could find in those anxious weeks was the pathetic effort of Gandhi and Chaplin to make up for lost ground by arranging a meeting—and, of course, a photograph.

HALF London and a goodly section of the provinces are flocking to

By Hilary

"She's much older than she looks"
"Yes, and she looks it, too!"

the French Art Exhibition at Burlington House. It is indeed a wonderful show, and strikingly representative. One feature is that the eighteenth-century school knocks the more or less moderns into a cocked hat—however curious and improbable that process may be. Those rather dowdy women of Montmartre in the 'nineties, smudgily painted, put up a precious poor comparison with the grace and distinction of the women of Fragonard and Boucher. I do not, I admit, admire the plump and pink nudities of the Boucher women in the Wallace Collection; but the Boucher portrait, for instance, of Madame Pompadour, now at Burlington House, takes one's breath away by its beauty, in spite of the fact that it is hung against a background that suggests slightly mildewed raspberry jam.

There are all sorts of nice friendly Frenchmen over here just now in connection, partly, with this exhibition. What they must think of our tame submission in the matter of when we may not order such refreshment as we want, and why on certain afternoons we may buy a toothbrush but not toothpaste, cooked ham but not a bottle of soup, a newspaper but not a packet of cigarettes, I am ashamed to imagine.

THE MODERN UTOPIA

The daily newspapers have been busy telling us of large and eager crowds besieging the offices of Income Tax collectors to pay their tax.

CAN it be true that now we are
Approaching that Utopia
Where everyone is happy?
Will lion snuggle down by lamb
And powders be not found in jam,
And none grow terse or snappy?

Will Mr. Culbertson declare
No book can possibly compare
With "Sidney Lenz on Contract,"
And Mr. Lightner say, "Oh, gee!
"But Ely's pamphlet seems to me
"To be a really bon tract!"

Will Cochran on his next first night
Hail Swaffer as his guiding light
And vow, "I hope you'll get on!"
Or Lady Astor swear that she
Now feels a close affinity
For beer and Colonel Gretton?

Will Gandhi laud in manner large
The workings of the British Raj
And vow no more to flout it,
And will the League of Nations be
To universal peace the key?—
Ah, me! I greatly doubt it!

B. W.

On the occasion of the arrival of the Empress of Britain Mrs. Tanagra Kanellos and performed in the Parthenon passengers on the liner. The famous "Dance of the Veils" by the pillars

But here is my King Charles's head cropping up again—a vagary for which I have not the least intention of apologising.

I LIKE to see grave bishops, in their holiday season, indulging in gay

Sasha

Baroness Luli von Hohenberg, the Viennese artist who recently sang one of the principal parts in the B.B.C. operetta, "Good Night, Vienna," and, if allowed to remain in England, will probably be seen later in a new play now being prepared for production in the West End. After playing lead at the Burg Theatre in Vienna for two years, she was released to play in "What Every Woman Knows," at the Staats Theatre in Berlin

ns a display of ancient Hellenic dances was arranged by nce of four hundred and sixty American tourists who were being performed against the striking background provided ld temple

bouts of "Alice in Wonderland" logic. The Bishop of Liverpool, for instance. The Bishop, who has a horror of alcohol for reasons best known to himself, has declared that "The consumption of liquor has diminished, and yet drunkenness has increased." How he can reconcile these two statements (unless he means that alcoholic liquors have become stronger, which is certainly untrue) I can understand—nohow. Contrariwise, he considers that "the situation is critical and changes almost month by month." Does it? Has the bishop studied the statistics? How often does he, or anyone else, see drunken men reeling about the streets? We hear a lot about cocktail parties, but the amount of real drunkenness that takes place at any of them is microscopic. In spite of the fact that imbecile licensing regulations do their best to increase drunkenness by tempting customers at public-houses to cram a number of drinks down their throats at express speed when closing-time becomes imminent, it remains true, none the less, that the innate decency and common-sense of the British people keep them from making beasts of themselves. Yet that common-sense is continually being insulted by temperance fanatics, from Lady Astor upwards.

S

A FAR greater bishop than the Bishop of Liverpool once declared that he would sooner see England free than England sober. Our Prohibitionists are doing their best to make England neither free nor sober. They find it convenient to ignore the ghastly effects of Prohibition in America, where all who can get the stuff drink themselves silly, where it is a common sight to see girls of sixteen paralytically drunk at dances. I have seen this and can claim to know. Before Prohibition came over America, like some foul miasma, such a thing would have been absolutely inconceivable.

Claude Harris

Mrs. Basil Baxendale with her dog, Simon. An exhibition of her circus pictures and portraits was opened at the Albany Galleries, in Sackville Street, on December 29

FAITES VOTRE CHOIX, MESSIEURS!

Two attractive young French girls between whose respective charms it would be difficult indeed for mere man to judge. On the left is Mlle. Arlette Dubreuil, the seventeen-year-old fashion designer, who at a Students' Ball was adjudged to be the possessor of the most beautiful face in France, and on the right is Mlle. Eliane Jourde, who has been elected "Miss Paris" for 1932

WHEN it comes to matters concerning the Church in which they are set in authority, I do not attempt to find a reason for the ways of bishops, or even archbishops. It is their business, and we can leave it at that. But since Dr. Temple, Archbishop of York, has revealed himself as the author of the "National Arrogance" prayer, one may surely say something, not about its substance but about its manner of expression. How can Dr. Temple, a Balliol man, and a "double-first" at that, reconcile the sense of literary style, which he must possess,

with such appalling phrases as "scamped work," "crooked dealing," and "exploitation"? The English Prayer Book contains some of the finest and purest examples of our extraordinarily beautiful language, which not even America can spoil, though it makes every effort to do so. I can only trust that there is no possibility of the Archbishop's strange slang Litany becoming incorporated with the uncommonly good "Book of Common Prayer." What would the great Jowett have said about this literary aberration on the part of one of Balliol's most distinguished sons?

S

AND now to turn from belabouring Bishops to a lighter subject. Whatever the Selection Committee of the English Rugby Union do, their work is certain to be criticised by someone in the Press. The Rugby correspondent of one daily paper calls them over the coals for practically repicking the English team en bloc after the defeat by the South Africans. Had they made drastic changes they would have received kicks just the same!

Three women competitors in the annual Monte Carlo Rally, organised by the Automobile Club of France, who will start from John o' Groats. They are: Mrs. Staniland (left), the wife of the well-known airman and racing motorist, Miss Webb and Miss Allan

Paul Parker

Douglas Byng, whose daring songs recently won him such success at the Café Anglais and the Monseigneur, has repeated his triumph in New York, where he has been appearing at the Club Lido. The above photograph was taken in front of his New York Hotel, the St. Moritz, which faces Central Park

PERSONALLY, I am glad that the English R.U. stuck to their guns and their team, for it is far more likely at the second time of asking they will be one. There is a certain type of journalist who thinks it clever always to be attacking those in authority, and among all the bodies which govern sport more bricks have been thrown at the Lawn Tennis Association than at any other. These will continue to be thrown despite the fact that it is due to the parent body's encouragement and support that English lawn tennis is on the up-grade. Without the "nursing" of the L.T.A. our youngsters would not have improved as they have.

S

I STILL regard H. W. Austin as our best player, but F. Perry's recent victory over Borotra in Paris proves that Austin is not the only pebble on the English beach, and both these pebbles have received their polish because the L.T.A. knows a good player when it sees one.

THEATRICAL managements are always a source of wonder to me when they stage mammoth productions, in not realising that enough is as good as a feast. Two hours and three quarters is quite long enough for any show to last, and it would be infinitely better if such cutting as must be done should be performed before the curtain rises on the first night and not afterwards. The first performance of *Bow Bells*, for instance, went on until about 11.45, and the second lasted nearly as long as the first. The only explanation I can give of this phenomenon is that, thanks to the hard times through which the profession is passing, theatrical producers have had to put their watches in pawn, and thus have no means available whereby they can check up the time the performance takes.

By Frank Ford

"Dad, is it all right for me to start shaving?"

BY RUTHERFORD

THE INCONSTANT LOVER

AT THE PLAY

MUSIC AND MEDIAEVALISM

By Vernon Woodhouse

An impression of André Randall, the French comedian, the glass of fashion, and Harriet Hoctor, the American dancer, the mould of form

"Bow Bells," at the London Hippodrome

IF I may so put it, there is much that is appealing in *Bow Bells*, the new Hippodrome revue. First and foremost, in order of merit, I would put the dancing. Here it is in endless variety, with specialists such as the Wiere Brothers combining humour with artistry; Harriet Hoctor, a classical dancer of superb technique; the Lime Trio displaying acrobatics which must be seen to be believed, and Jacques Cartier, whose step dancing on an enormous drum is, perhaps, the most effective and original of all the turns.

NEXT to the dancing what will appeal most to the eye are the dresses designed by Herman Rosse, in which the chorus make a brave show in their concerted dance numbers, for which the ever-original Ralph Reader is responsible. These, to my mind, knock into a cocked hat the scenic effects, which, despite mechanical aid, are no better, if so good, as have been seen elsewhere on stages where modern machinery is non-existent.

THE appeal to the ear is not so pronounced. Dion Titheradge and Ronald Jeans have not been too happily inspired in the sketches, some of the ideas in which verge on the antique, though there is a topical touch in the Over-Côte D'Azur, which is a nasty smack at our climate as well as at our winter resorts.

WITH such artists as Binnie Hale, whose devastating imitation of Jessie Matthews is one of the cleverest things this clever artist has ever done, Nelson Keys, at present badly served by the authors, André Randall, a very pleasant French light comedian, and Robert Hale all in the cast, this revue will only require some revision, as well as drastic cutting, to provide a thoroughly popular entertainment.

"She Passed Through Lorraine," at the Prince of Wales's

THE credulity of the Middle Ages is exemplified in *She Passed Through Lorraine*, "a modern comedy of mediæval times," by Lionel Hale, when the inhabitants, or rather all but one of them, accept the word of a total stranger that she is Joan of Arc returned to earth after being cremated in an old-fashioned way.

SKETCHES OF "BOW BELLS," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME, BY H. H. HARRIS

ONE thing which pleased me was that the word of this total stranger, as well as the words of all the other characters, make no attempt to reproduce the speech of the times. There are no equivalents to the Gadzooks-by-my-halidom dialogue which is so closely associated with Wardour Street. Instead, it is written in twentieth-century prose, with freedom from all affectations and with an occasional frankness which is in keeping with the conversation of the modern Miss.

THAT the young author has been influenced by a more elderly dramatist who also wrote about Joan of Arc is fairly obvious, especially in the drawing of the character of a village priest, Father Michael, an old blackguard who, being an atheist, has no objection whatever to remaining a priest and taking money for the job, but who becomes converted by the advent of Joan, and consequently throws it up because he then feels himself unworthy of his priestly office. I think in this particular case

Once more the reputed meanness of the Scots is a subject for satire in a ville right: The Mother (Minnie Rayner), the Bride (Binnie Hale), the Moth

Binnie Hale and Nelson Keys suffering from the "blues" in "Break Down and Weep"

that the Shaw patent has been infringed.

UNLIKE some of the plays of G. B. S., there is a certain amount of action in this play, which ends with the flight of the impostor, Joan, with the only man who never believed her to be the Maid; but I think the credulity of the others would have been less overtaxed had Thea Holme, who plays the part, shown a little more dignity and strength.

THE two best performances come from Hugh E. Wright, as the priest, James Dale, as the unbelieving lover, and Dora Gregory, as an elderly wife who palpably wears trousers under her petticoats. John Fernald, who produced the play, caused me some astonishment by revealing the fact that in 1436 the troops were issued with very modern water bottles, that there were press-clips on satchels, and that Hovis bread was then being baked!

"Aladdin," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

MR. V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY'S pantomime, *Aladdin*, combines the robustious humour of the average type with literary distinction. A small child in the audience may be oblivious of the latter, but enjoy it none the less; while the more elderly of regular patrons of the Lyric Opera House will appreciate to the full the added excellence of the rhymster's wit.

FOR this production is a pantomime and a satire on a pantomime combined in one, and the mistake has not been made in playing it in burlesque fashion. Marie Blanche, for instance, as the principal boy, does not guy her part at all, but acts on the accepted lines, as does Elsie Keene, a charming Princess Baldroubadour, who, on the night of my visit, appeared in place of Ivy Tresmand. Only in the case of the Fairy Dewdrop was the spirit of burlesque allowed to enter, and Nadine March was so gorgeously funny in the part that I think that the producer was justified by results in thus departing from strict earnestness.

d "The Scotch Wedding," shown—also in a sketch—above. Reading from left to nis Cowles), the Bridegroom (Nelson Keys) and the Father (Robert Hale)

Robert Hale as the principal boy in days that are gone. The muscular development of Dick Whittington's legs proved that he was obviously a bit of a hiker

ADD to the cast such clever players as Scott Russell and Muriel George, as the Emperor and Empress. Increase the humour by including a gifted amateur, Frank Birch, as the widow Twankey, and the author himself, who plays Abanazer in a make-up uncommonly like "Dizzy." Throw on the stage a performing horse which is led off it, and you have all the cast and ingredients necessary to make you forget your troubles.

V. W.

MY WEEKLY THOUGHT

By NORMAN THWAITES

THERE came to my office a tall, well-set-up man of about sixty, alert and self-possessed. He looked what he was—a retired soldier. Colonel Arthur Wellington Smith, C.M.G., D.S.O. (although this is not his actual name), could boast thirty years of service. He had commanded his regiment, served on the outposts of Empire, had organised native levies, and had deserved well of his country. But he wanted a job.

A grateful Government have thought fit to impose such heavy taxation upon men of his class that, at an age when his years entitle him to leisure, he has found it necessary to scrounge round for a fresh occupation to enable him to make both ends meet, and to give his sons a fair start in life

* * *

Now here is a man who has paid direct taxes for more than half a lifetime. For the past decade, thanks to ever-growing income tax demands, he has borne upon his shoulders one or two "old men of the sea" in the shape of dole receivers, yet in his old age, instead of enjoying that retirement which his service to his country merits, he has to seek work.

I suppose he belongs to what is still called the privileged class; his privilege being to give his early years to the service of his country and his later years to support, by his annual contributions to the State, youthful and often wilfully idle persons belonging to the so-called working classes.

A few months ago I was invited to address a literary and debating society on the subject of National Defence. The gallant Colonel was to be my Chairman. He is, indeed, the moving spirit in the small community in which he lives some fifty miles from London, and it was on his initiative that I had been asked to participate in the debate in question.

In the course of conversation I learnt that the Colonel has found a job! He met me at the station and drove me to his house, apologising for the humble and antiquated car. He explained that he had been so fortunate as to secure an appointment as local sales agent for a domestic commodity, and daily it was his task to scour the countryside and tout for orders!

In his drawing room, in a small glass case, were his medals and decorations won in half a dozen campaigns. His sword hung in the hall. There were portraits and snapshots of him in polo kit, in full regimentals, and at important receptions.

This servant of Empire is as pleased with his new job as a subaltern with his first commission. No grumbling or grousing—just determination to carry on.

* * *

I MENTIONED the case of Colonel Wellington Smith at a large dinner party. If we are committed to the proposition that none shall starve, I said, and if we are to adopt the slogan of work or maintenance, then surely the contributing elements of society should be included in some system of relief when misfortune overtakes them.

I suggested that our much vaunted equality of the subject was a joke. It is true that my friend the Colonel has a pension, however much depleted by taxation, never contemplated when he made his bargain with the War Office, but how about the civilian contributors to the support of the idle?

* * *

SUPPOSE, I said to my host, that the companies in which your funds have been carefully invested were to come to grief. Suppose that those shipping concerns which yield half your income were to cease payment of dividends for a year or two, or to collapse altogether. What sort of a position would you be in? I drew a picture of a man of affairs whose business had ceased to be profitable owing to a change in fiscal policy, or to some improvement or invention. Although he had paid income tax throughout a useful life, and thereby kept from starvation several fellow citizens, he would find himself quite unprovided for by a community which had every reason to be grateful

I found no sympathy for this view. I was told by my host that the man ought to have foreseen the approach of disaster and altered his method of business. The State could not be expected to care for such as he.

* * *

WITHIN a few weeks of that conversation certain commercial concerns did, in fact, collapse, and several of those sitting round that hospitable board, including my host, had their incomes sadly reduced. Unlike the gallant Colonel, these good people have no pensions to fall back upon, and may have to look for jobs when they should be looking for slippers and a period of peace and quiet breathing

* * *

MEANWHILE, in spite of hard times, we remain a nation of sportsmen State-aided visitors to race courses and football fields grow in number. At dog racing tracks over 16,000,000 paid entrances were recorded last year; more than half these "Fans" are said to be dole receivers. To support these patrons of sport my old friend has to go back to work! He cannot himself afford to go racing nor to travel long distances to witness football matches. He is busy on his rounds in his rickety old car in fair weather and in foul.

* * *

I TRAVELLED from the north of England a few days ago. My railway carriage was invaded by a scurry of young fellows on their way to a League match. Apologising for smoking in a non-smoking carriage, they produced bottled beer and offered me friendly hospitality. Becoming "matey," I engaged them in conversation. I learned that five out of nine were in receipt of the dole, two of them occasionally enjoyed that relief, and only two were employed in regular work. I thought again of my aged friend, Companion of St. Michael and St. George, and of the Distinguished Service Order, driving his little car through the sleet and rain on his daily rounds, ungrumblingly, heroically.

By Fitz

"IN AT THE KILL!"

THE PRINCE IN THE SADDLE AGAIN

The Prince of Wales recently made his first appearance in the hunting field this season when, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester, he attended a meet of the Belvoir held at Plungar, in Leicestershire. Above he is seen at the meet chatting with Brig.-General G. C. B. Paynter, an Extra Equerry to his Majesty, and on the left is another photograph of the Prince taken as hounds moved off

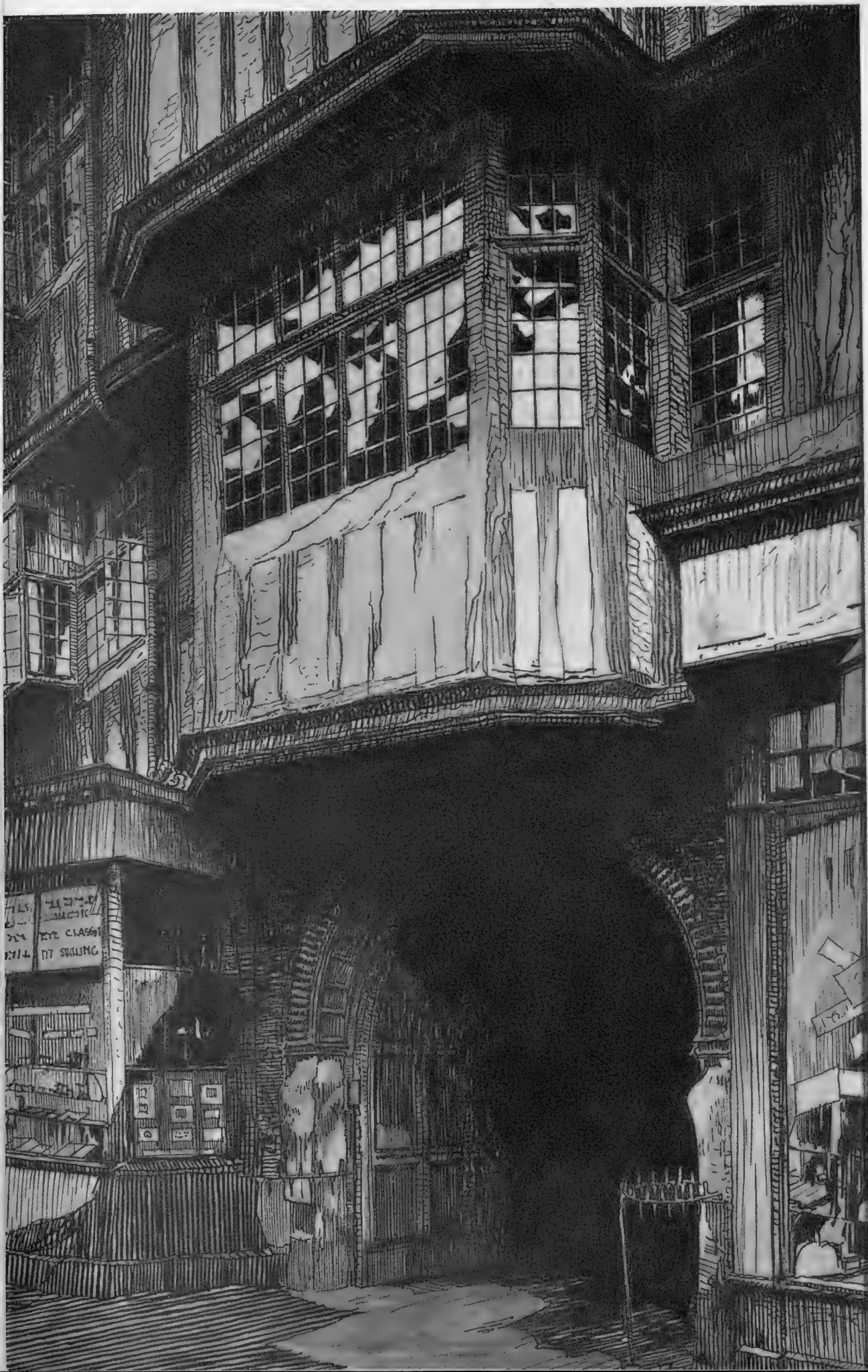
LONDON AT PLAY IN T

An artist's impression of the interior of the Bobbin Club, in Regent Street, somewhere in the neighbourhood of three a.m.—when it is at its of the West End, chatting and dancing to one of the best orchestras in London. Raids by both the police and by have

N THE WEE SMA' HOURS

at its liveliest. Here are to be found well-known members of Society, Stage and Film stars, members of the Services, and other habitués have entirely failed to cast an air of gloom over this cheery place—[Specially Drawn for "The Bystander" by Richard Southern]

AN OASIS OF PEACE 'MIDST LONDON'S ROAR



A corner of Staple Inn, in Holborn, the quiet, centuries-old backwater which faces the end of the Gray's Inn Road. Dickens draws a vivid pen-picture of Staple Inn in "Edwin Drood," when in describing it he writes, "It is one of these nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street, imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet soles on his boots"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Mr. Brannigan Sees Red

by Stewart Robertson

AMIDST the press of traffic that streamed south on Lafayette Street a certain limousine stood out from its neighbours, so glossy, so particularly well burnished, that it was obviously either a millionaire's car or a rented one. The latter surmise would have proved to be correct, and it matched the manner of the debonair figure that lounged in the rear seat, yawning boredly to hide the perturbation that eddied beneath his beige waistcoat.

A few blocks from Brooklyn Bridge the car swerved to the left and rolled to a silent and dignified halt in front of Police Headquarters, whereupon its occupant alighted.

Up the steps sauntered the figure in the manner of a prince about to patronise the peasants, rested grey, silk-gloved fingers upon a revolving door, and passed nonchalantly through the lobby and into an elevator. A moment later he was in a circular reception room, staring haughtily at a ruddy young policeman.

"Mr. Chawles Brannigan to see the First-Deputy-Commissioner," he announced. "I believe that I have some sort of appointment with him, so hurry along about it."

"Sure, you've got a date," said the clerk, eyeing the visitor with unwilling admiration. "Right in here, please."

The gentleman entered a barely furnished room and gazed disapprovingly at a bulky, cigar-smoking person in a swivel chair. "You wanted to see me?" he enquired, registering just the correct amount of patrician annoyance.

"Hello, One Eye!" boomed the First Deputy, his amused glance taking in the ensemble before coming to rest on the monocle. "Take a chair and——"

"The name is Chawles Brannigan," corrected the other.

"So it is. And your business is ribbing suckers; am I right?"

"I live on my money," said Mr. Brannigan, seating himself, and giving the monocle a languid polish. "What the devil do you mean by getting so familiar?"

"Because I don't care for your source of supply," snapped the First Deputy. "Come out of your trance, One Eye, and pay attention to me! There's been some fancy confidence work going on in your neighbourhood, and although the rich boobs won't squeal for fear they'd be laughed at, enough gossip has trickled through to make us suspicious. Sooner or later we'll send you up the river for a strange interlude at the Big House, but just now you're going to travel, anyway. Do I make myself clear?"

MR. BRANNIGAN had grown tense and wary during this recital, and now his eyes met the First Deputy's with complete understanding. "You took the words right out of my mouth," he declared. "How did you know that I was contemplating a Western trip?"

"Keep that high polish front for them that likes it. Contemplating me ankle? You're trying to take the show away from me, One Eye, but it doesn't go over. I'm running you out of town, savvy?"

"Don't be vulgar," smiled the confidence man, rearranging the gardenia in his buttonhole; "but if you must be that way, why bellow about it? Very bad for the blood pressure and the good old mentality, so please be careful."

"Listen, smart guy," said the policeman curiously, "why don't you reform before it's too late? I remember hearing about a mid-Continent con. man called Tulsa McCarthy, who got a lot of publicity by renouncing sin because he discovered an honest racket that paid."

"He's nothing but a name to me, Commissioner, like all those Western operatives. A small-timer, that's all, young or old. Tulsa McCarthy! You've got a nerve classing me—— well, aside from that, how is your Aunt Emma?"

"Take it on the lam!"

"If by that you mean the Lake Shore, Limited," said Mr. Brannigan urbanely, "your mind runs willingly along with mine."

"There'll be a man tailing you to the city limits," growled the First Deputy, "so don't get overcome with sentiment and try to leave the train at 125th Street. Lots of luck—and all of it hard."

SIX P.M. found a tweed-clad Mr. Brannigan being carried smoothly along the banks of the Hudson River, appraising his fellow passengers from behind his little glass disc, and gradually becoming reconciled to his enforced journey. A prowl through the cars failed to turn up any fertile soil, but the call for dinner brought him opposite one of those peculiar combinations of candour and imbecility that roam the land on extra fare trains. After revealing almost everything concerning himself, save his laundry mark, the stranger launched into praise of Chicago.

"There's a town for you!" he enthused. "To read the newspapers you'd think it was peopled by crooks, and perhaps we do have a few, but what's the reason? Because we're wealthy, that's why. Look at this Tockwotton bird—Ira Tockwotton, the overnight oil king—he breezed in from Oklahoma and settled down on Lake Shore Drive with more swank than an Indian rajah. He's green, of course, but he knew enough to pick Chicago instead of New York."

Mr. Brannigan sighed happily and bent a fatherly gaze upon the young man. "Tell me about him," he urged, feeling the glimmerings of an idea. "Green, you say?"

"Well, his wife and daughter are rather inclined to make a splurge, and he hasn't the heart to deny them anything. The storekeepers know it, too, and they say they knock their foreheads on the counter at the mere mention of his name."

"Good taste," murmured One Eye, smiling dreamily into the future, "is not acquired overnight, but they will learn. A contact with you—or myself—and they may never forget it."

"Say, you're an interesting fellow," beamed the flattered Chicagoan. "Say,

Illustrated by
VAN ABBEY

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

are you going to be in town very long?"

"Not more than twenty-four hours, if my plans work out. *Much* too busy for any social activities," said Mr. Brannigan cagily, "but it has been stimulating to meet you. May I hear some more?"

REGISTERING at the Blackstone, he enjoyed a savoury dinner, did a little posturing in the lobby, and then sauntered down Michigan Boulevard until he came to the windows of a jewellery store that reeked of distinction.

"So this is the famous Galatoire's, eh?" said Mr. Brannigan. "Staffed by a bunch of snobs, too, or I'm a monkey's uncle. Dust off your high and mighty manner, Chawlie, me boy; you'll need it in the morning."

He then boarded a taxi and asked to be driven past the Tockwotton home.

That sprawling imitation of a Normandy château nestled behind its wrought-iron gates, looking like a cross between a museum and a society undertaker's.

"It cost four million bucks," confided the taxi driver. "The door knobs is gold, and in the bathrooms the water comes outa flamingoes' beaks. Even the butler is class."

"My good man," said One Eye severely, "I'm from New York, and, therefore, not at all impressed by your statistics. Second-rate, I assure you, the same as your well-advertised criminals. And now I would be interested to see how long it would take you to drive to the Union station."

The journey absorbed twelve minutes, and Mr. Brannigan left the driver goggling at a five-dollar tip, and barged into the depot. A few moments later he was crammed in a telephone booth and conversing with Mr. Ira Tockwotton.

"This is Powellton Post, of San Francisco," he fluted, using a favourite alias. "*The* Posts, you know, which, I suppose, is sufficient introduction—what?"

"Sure is, Mr. Post," came the Oklahoman's drawl. "Can't remember just what your line is, but maybe you'll pardon that. *The* Posts . . . mmmmmm . . . I—I guess everybody knows them. Sure. What can I do for you?"

"I want to see you to-morrow afternoon regarding a new pipe-line route," said One Eye, smirking at the latent snobbery. "What time would be convenient?"

"Have lunch at the club, and we'll talk it over."

"Sorry, old chap, but my secretary has allotted most of my time. What about three-thirty?"

"That'll do me, Mr. Post. I guess you won't have any trouble finding that forty-storey tower of ours, so I'll be expecting you."

Mr. Brannigan allowed his voice to take on the quality of crispness. "I can depend upon your being there?" he queried. "My time is——"

"I never leave the office before half-past four," the oil man assured him. "Never. I didn't get rich by playing truant, Mr. Post, so don't worry about finding me in."

"Splendid," said One Eye, and meant it sincerely. "By the way, how are your wife and daughter, and have they any engagements for to-morrow?"

A gasp of gratification came over the wire. "T-They're just fine," stuttered Tockwotton, "and they'll be tickled to know you called. "Y-Yes, they're going to some concert or other; one of those things where you simply must be seen. My girl's having a birthday this week, and they're extra busy."

Mr. Brannigan became conscious of an ecstatic glow. This was more, far more, than he had dared to hope for, and he decided, to give a fillip to the deal, that he would deviate from the usual routine.

"My kindest regards," he said daringly. "I suppose that means you're in the market for some jewellery, eh? Rubies are quite the thing nowadays, you know."

"As the taxi slithered around the gravel driveway he noticed that it was five minutes to three and prepared for a hurried exit"

"I *don't* know," Tockwotton told him candidly. "Emeralds kind of catch my eye, but——"

"You'll pardon me, old chap, but they're out of the question. The mob is wearing emeralds, but rubies—well, I've got to pop into Galatoire's to-morrow, and I'd be delighted to choose a few for them to send over to you. The Post collection, you know——"

"Gosh! I—I hate to trouble you, but——"

"The trouble's a pleasure," Mr. Brannigan assured him. "You must have heard of my wife's . . . well, say no more about it. See you at three-thirty. Good-bye."

He tottered out of the booth and over to a ticket window, where he purchased transportation and a parlour car chair

on the 3.20 train to Milwaukee for the next afternoon. Then, recalling the millionaire's anxiety to please, he indulged in a spell of chuckling.

"Soft as a bag of marshmallows," he told himself. "The old boy safely anchored down-town all afternoon, and the dames already accounted for, which saves me the trouble of calling them out on a wild goose chase. V-e-r-y nice, but a trifle too easy to spur the old artistic sensibilities."

A MORNING stroll in the sunshine brought him to Galatoire's, which he entered with a most commendable swagger, strikingly different from the demeanour of most customers, who crept timidly into the sacred precincts. This alone, Mr. Brannigan knew from experience, would give him prestige in the eyes of the trade, and, refusing to be impressed by his surroundings, he wandered to a counter and inquired off-handedly:

"Got any rubies?"

"Most certainly, sir," said the salesman stiffly. "Which did you wish to see—rings, eardrops, or brooches?"

"Trot 'em all out," ordered One Eye, staring glassily, "and I'll make up my mind at leisure. Don't forget a lavallière or two, either, like a good chap, and remember, none of that Siamese rubbish. I want nothing but the finest stones from Burma."

Another look at the monocle, and the salesman became plastic. One by one he reverently marshalled a collection of pieces upon a square of white velvet, and Mr. Brannigan hovered greedily above them, drinking in the deep, rich colour until he felt drugged with beauty.

"Marvellous!" he breathed. "But none too good for a Tockwotton, eh?"

"Tockwotton, sir?" with a joyful inflection.

"Yes, of course," said the confidence man, once more firmly in character. "Ira doesn't know much about rubies, so he asked me to make a selection for him. His daughter's having a birthday, you know."

The jeweller expressed the fervent hope that Miss Tockwotton would have many more, and never forget to count them.

"This ring," said Mr. Brannigan, after a lengthy period of rapture, pointing to a blob of vermilion light, "lay it aside, and let me see . . . hmmmmmmm . . the pear-shaped pendant and that circular brooch. V-e-r-y nice. Now, then, Ira cannot go wrong, no matter which he chooses, and, between ourselves, I shouldn't be at all surprised if he took the lot."

"You certainly know rubies, sir."

"I trust so," said One Eye a shade wistfully. "I'm tremendously fond of gazing at red. The colour of the East, of tiger blood, of adventure! Er—no doubt you've heard of my collection in San Francisco."

The clerk bowed with delightful ambiguity.

"You will have these delivered to Mr. Tockwotton's home promptly at two o'clock, no sooner, because we wish to make sure that his daughter has left the house. You understand?" The smile of Galatoire's minion indicated that he took extreme pleasure at being included in the family secret. "I see that you do," patronised the confidence man, "for you bear the stamp of a most efficient salesman." He waited tensely for the action that should have been forthcoming at this moment, and he was not disappointed.

"Thank you, sir," bowed the clerk. "The delivery will be made on time, and if there is anything I can do for you personally in the future, why—er, perhaps this will be a reminder." He searched in his pocket, then handed over an engraved card.

GALATOIRE AND COMPANY,
Jewellers.
Michigan Boul. at Adams.
Montague B. Stevens

"Quite so, Mr. Stevens," nodded One Eye, glancing carelessly at the card, then stuffing it into a vest pocket. "Some time, perhaps, when the market is easier."

The salesman watched him vanish into the noon hour parade, sighed wistful homage to Mr. Brannigan's tailor, and then, with commendable caution, got in touch with Mr. Ira Tockwotton.

"Powellton Post?" echoed the oil man. "Why, yes, one of *the* Posts, of San Francisco. Certainly I know him."

"Thank you, sir. I simply wanted to be perfectly sure before the rubies were delivered."

There was a long silence. Then: "That's right," said Tockwotton slowly. "Mr. Post picked out some rubies for me to look at . . . clever fellow, in his way."

"Yes, sir; he seemed to be extremely fond of rubies."

—"I would have preferred emeralds—er, but I can't remember whether we agreed on any exact time for delivery. What did he tell you?"

"Two o'clock sharp, sir."

"Of course! At the office, I remember now."

"No, sir; at your home."

"Now, that *was* thoughtful of him!" cried the oil man heartily. "He knows how my time is divided up. Well, just shoot them along and everything will be splendid. You'll hear from me later."

IN the meantime the insouciant One Eye spent a couple of hours shopping and lunching, checked out of the Blackstone and left his bags at the Union Station parcel office. Shortly before two he was parked in a taxi near the Tockwotton mansion, and nodded with approval as Galatoire's mulberry-coloured delivery car stopped before it. There was a glimpse of an astoundingly baronial butler signing for the package, then the grillework swung to, and Mr. Brannigan departed on a leisurely ride to the suburbs.

Half an hour later he dismissed the cab at the North Shore Hotel in Evanston, chose a secluded telephone booth, and called the oil man's residence.

"Mr. Tockwotton's butler speaking."

"This is Galatoire and Company," quavered the confidence man, his voice shaking artistically. "We sent up a parcel for Mr. Tockwotton a little while ago, but we regret to say that a mistake has been made. The wrong package was delivered—will you kindly hand it to a special messenger we are rushing there immediately. The proper package will follow as soon as we can trace it. And we will appreciate it if you will avoid mentioning our error to anyone. You understand? Our messenger, a Mr. Stevens, will identify himself, so make certain you give it to the right party."

There was a quick inhalation of breath in conjunction with a series of clicking noises, and Mr. Brannigan leered as he visualised the pompous servant taking umbrage. There was a moment of shocked silence, then:

"*I* am not in the habit of making mistakes. Your Mr. Stevens has only to see me, and the matter will be adjusted."

"He is on his way already," said One Eye before dashing from the booth, but once outside he paused irresolutely. A moment's thought, and he proceeded with the deadly certainty of an eagle swooping for the kill. Nothing should be left to chance, for one never knew about these millionaires. He re-entered the booth and called the Tockwotton offices.

"Yes, Mr. Post," cooed a secretary. "I know Mr. Tockwotton will speak with you. In fact, he was rather expecting you to call."

The astonished Mr. Brannigan bumped his nose against the mouthpiece. "I-indeed," he stammered. There was a slight wait with sundry mysterious buzzings, then the Tockwotton voice greeted him.

"Checking up on me, eh?" it laughed. "I suppose you've read somewhere that I'm eccentric. Well, I don't blame you, for your time is pretty valuable, I imagine."

"Extremely so," said One Eye relievedly. "Yes, I only wanted to be sure nothing had happened to call you away from the office. Sorry to interrupt, but you'll see me later."

A SHORT sprint to the street, and another taxi carried him into town while he carefully removed the monocle and hat, rumpling his hair so that the likeness of a harassed clerk in peril of losing his job would run madly up the Tockwotton steps. As the taxi slithered around the gravelled driveway he noted it was five minutes to three and prepared for a hurried exit.

Violent ringing of the doorbell aroused no speed within, but after the decorous wait approved by society the grille was opened by a stagily wooden butler. His penthouse eyebrows sprang upward in lieu of questioning at the sight before him.

"I'm from Galatoire's," wheezed Mr. Brannigan, his starting eyes and twisted countenance bearing little resemblance to his usually impeccable self. "I—I—you've got that package?"

"You are Mr. Stevens, sir?"

"Here's my card," panted One Eye, producing the oblong of pasteboard. "Keep it if you like, but hurry, please."

The butler read it, then proceeded to radiate that assurance possible only to large and imposing persons. "Don't worry any longer, sir," he counselled. "I have it safely for you." He stepped into the hall, and returned carrying a small box wrapped in the distinctive Galatoire lavender paper with a crested, unbroken seal uppermost.

Mr. Brannigan exhibited a relief that was far from being entirely counterfeit as his hands closed upon the loot. It must be three o'clock by now. "Th-thank you," he stammered, "and, please, not a word . . . my position, you know . . ." The butler smiled grandly, then admiringly, as a twenty-dollar bill crackled in his palm, and he bowed respectfully as the taxi whirled around the corner.

Union Station was reached in less than the prescribed seventeen minutes, and the now rejuvenated One Eye followed his luggage aboard the Milwaukee express with two minutes to spare. Soft was no name for it! Before Galatoire's and old Tockwotton had ceased recriminations and decided upon action, he would be driving towards the Pacific coast, ostensibly just another dusty, disillusioned tourist. He'd buy a second-hand car in Milwaukee, and then . . . the disposing of the rubies, much as he hated to do it. No need to hurry, for he had plenty of money, but the prospect intrigued him.

HE drew out the package and regarded it fondly. The ring could be pawned for 60 per cent. over the Mexican border at Agua Caliente, where the casino and race track made it possible to unload almost anything without undue questioning. The other stones, removed from their settings would find their way back into the market by devious routes. He chuckled as he recalled the First Deputy's warning.

"Reform!" he scoffed, settling deeper in his green plush chair. "Not while I've got this set of brains, Commissioner my old tomato! And I'm artistic, too. B'lieve it or not it breaks me all up to part with these sparklers." His fingers drummed on the impressive waxen seal of the deluded Galatoire's, then they ripped off the paper and lifted a corner of the box. Inside lay three creamy leather cases . . . the one on the left would be the pendant, spun as delicately as a golden web. . . . He leaned forward to do a little private gloating.

The roar of the train grew louder, it seemed to Mr. Brannigan, or was it the blood pounding in his ears as he gazed at the empty case? And the second—and the third. Galatoire's had tricked him! They had—— A torn piece of notepaper bearing Tockwotton's synthetic coat-of-arms caught his eye, and he snatched at it, reading the message that brought a flush to his hitherto complacent face:

"I recognised the racket because I used to work it in emeralds before I reformed," the scrawl advised him. A little advice—don't believe all you hear. When you spoke to me this afternoon I was at home, not the office. You forgot that my switchboard operator there could transfer the call, so perhaps you're slipping. Drop in when you're in town again, and I'll tell you some easier rackets, or put you to work for me, if you've had enough.—Tulsa McCarthy, now known as Ira Tockwotton.

"P.S.—How do you like me as an emergency butler?

"P.P.S.—You can lift off seals intact with a hot knife. Try it sometime."

"The dirty, double-crossing dummy!" raged the victim, as the uninspiring Illinois landscape turned to a blur before his frenzied eyes. "I ought to go back and slam—I—— Ahhhhh, the crook! It wouldn't have seemed so bad to get hijacked, but *this* way!" His veneer of nonchalance had vanished. All the generations of quarrelsome ancestors were clamouring for justice, all his carefully hidden waterfront background was urging him on to a battle he knew that he would never dare to wage, and as Mr. Brannigan responded to the call of "Ticket, please!" he was seeing, though not by request, a most deep and bloodthirsty shade of red.

S. R.

Lenare

LESLIE BURROWES

The clever young English dancer, who is appearing at the Duchess Theatre at a special matinee on January 19. She entered the Margaret Morris School of Dancing seven years ago, and at the end of her fourth year, having gained a scholarship which enabled her to train abroad, went to the Mary Wigham School at Dresden, where she was the first English girl to win the highest diploma, and that in half the customary time. Now, at twenty-three, she is staging a "one-man show," with special music composed by Mr. Vaughan Cameron

A NECKLACE and BRACELETS of Twisted Wool

A twist of natural coloured wool is an unusual medium for jewellery but is one which, when allied to coloured beads and black velvet pyjamas, is unexpectedly successful

A black velvet jerkin and a pair of wide black velvet trousers fitted into a shaped yoke, makes an attractive costume for a cocktail or informal dinner party at home

Photographs by Man

OUR American cousins call "hostess pyjamas" what we, less correctly I think, call "dinner pyjamas," for these garments, which may be of velvet, lamé, satin or even of chiffon or, at the other end of the scale, of woven jersey, are useful for any occasion when one is informally entertaining in one's own home. Brown velvet trousers, a white vest and a lamé coat is an attractive combination, and so is a one-piece pyjama, reminiscent of a workman's dungarees in cut, carried out in white marocain and accompanied by a short scarlet jacket. Plaid trousers and a plain blouse look very smart together. The black velvet pyjamas on this page come from Caroline Sutton and are worn by Miss Hilary Charles.

MADGE GARLAND Reads the

The SHORT COAT in various guises

This short coat has tiny capes over each shoulder and is carried out in an unique material of black cloth hand-embroidered in several vivid colours. By Eos and Dove

Reminiscent of our mothers in the hey-day of their beauty is this jacket of wine colour velvet with its leg-o'mutton sleeves and black lace mittens. From Caroline Sutton

rice Beck

PARIS has already accorded her favour to the puffed sleeve of Edwardian inspiration, and if all we are told is true we shall be wearing variations of this enchantingly feminine fashion in the spring. Apart from these puffed sleeves, many shoulder capes are to be seen on the new spring jackets even when they are of fur. One attractive model of pale grey shaved lamb, destined to be worn with a dark olive green cloth dress, had two abbreviated shoulder capes in lieu of sleeves.

Horoscope of London

FASHION

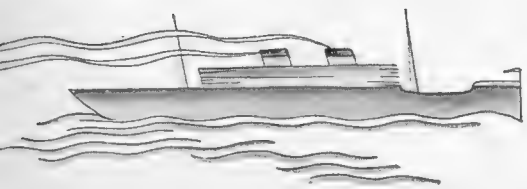
CLOTHES for the CRUISE in Sunny Waters

The lady on the gang-plank is wearing a trim suit carried out in blue silk of an English manufacture. It has a matching jacket and is piped with white. 6½ guineas

A smart brown suéde golf jacket with a striped knitted woollen collar and cuffs has a well-cut suéde skirt to match. The jacket is very light and supple and costs only 75/-

A serviceable costume for going ashore is a dress of navy blue jersey with hand-knitted revers and cuffs of green, white and red wool. The belt laces in front. 5½ guineas

Dresses of washing silk with matching coats are as practical as they are smart. The one on the right of the picture above is of heavy white crêpe de Chine. The price is 6½ guineas

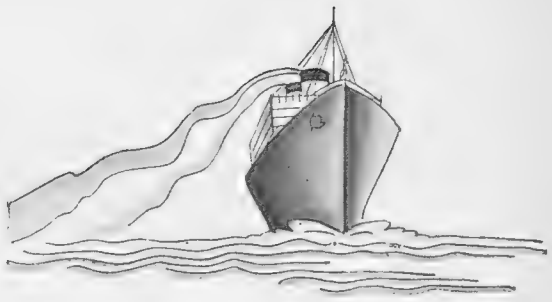


FOR those who contemplate a cruise to Jamaica, to the Bahamas, Bermuda or to South Africa, the question of what is really required for the transition from our winter climate to that of the sunnier portions of the British Empire is a problem greatly complicated by the necessity of carrying as little luggage as possible. It is essential to have at least two or three summer dresses of heavy weight washing silk, and the utility of these is more than doubled if they are accompanied by short unlined coats of matching material. All the clothes on these two pages are obtainable from Debenham and Freebody.

FASHIONS for the DECK

on Summer Cruising Days

WINDS on board-ship are always more chilly, even in summer seas, than the land-lubber is apt to expect and a really warm top-coat should be the first acquisition when planning a cruise. The fashion for "slacks" is a most practical one and is the ligitimate outcome of that passion for pyjamas which has so considerably altered the appearance of our seaside resorts—and of our friends! Hats are of little importance on these deck occasions, everyone knows the beneficial effect of the sun on the hair and bérets, or at most a smart woollen tam-o'-shanter, are all that is necessary until the sun becomes hot enough to warrant a wide and shady brim.



These smart slacks of navy blue jersey are fastened by two zippers in front and cost 49/6. With them is worn an attractive jumper of scarlet and white wool in a fancy stitch priced at 49/6. The black tam-o'shanter costs 17/6

A two-piece costume in scarlet wool, woven in Debenham's own mills in Cornwall, has a skirt which is smartly flared and a coat-jumper with an openwork yoke fastened with brass buttons. Each garment costs 39/6

A top-coat of Camel-fleece, a mixture of camel's hair and lamb's wool, in natural colour, has a storm collar, capacious pockets and a workmanlike belt. It is most comfortable, impervious to any weather and costs 5 guineas

The lady who is lazily sitting in the deck-chair is wearing a jumper of bright green wool which is hand-knitted and of an exceptionally smart cut. It has a high roll-over collar and a diagonal fastening and costs 79/6

GRETA GARBO'S LATEST TALKIE

Greta Garbo, enshrouded in a waterproof and her usual Nordic sombreness, and Clark Gable in a scene from "The Rise of Helga," which starts its first run in England at the Empire on Friday next, January 15. Greta Garbo plays the part of a young lady who shares the lives of several men, always without benefit of clergy

Greta Garbo as the unhappy Helga, whose bad, wicked drives her into running away rather than marry the m his choice, finds refuge with a travelling carnival. L she attains to official status of sorts by becoming the propri mistress

Helga, whilst still only a poor carnival girl, and not proud of it, is discovered by Rodney (Clark Gable), the man she had loved with a deep, true love that any number of obliging protectors could not kill

Two stage stars shining on the screen. Mary Newcomb, the distinguished American actress, and Owen Nares in a scene from the Radio picture, "Free Women." It will open at the R.K.O. Theatre, Leicester Square next Friday

A TRIO OF NEW BRITISH TALKIES

Molly Lamont and Gene Gerrard, the co-stars in the new British International picture, "Brother Alfred," made at Elstree. To conform with current film fashions, Molly Lamont was transformed from a brunette to the blondest of blondes

Two scenes from the new British picture, "Betrayal," which Reginald Frogwell has directed for his own company, and which he wrote in collaboration with Hubert Griffith, the author and dramatic critic

Above: John Armitage (Stewart Rome) is seen bringing pressure to bear, in more ways than one, on his wife, Diana (Marjorie Hume). On the right the wife's lover (Leslie Perrins), who has pursued her with his attentions, is seen gazing upon the chased Diana wrapped in the respectable arms of Morpheus

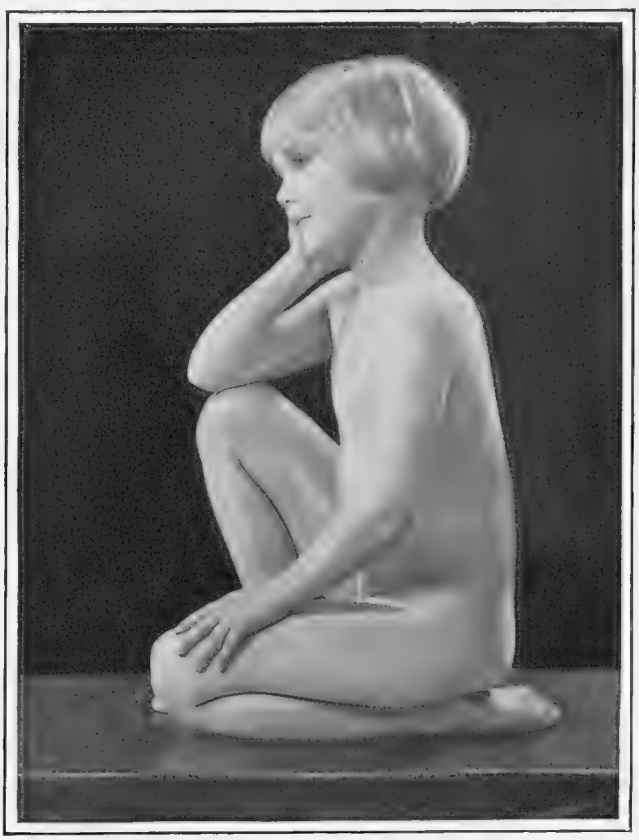
Round & About

by Jane Gordon

A pretty young married woman was complaining bitterly about money the other night at a party. As she sat at supper with a plate of caviare in front of her and a glass of champagne at her side, she confided to the man sitting next to her how she longed to give a beer-and-sausage party, but that such a thing was quite impossible in her Mayfair house because the background would be much too luxurious. "So you see," she wailed into the sympathetic ear, "there are some terrible disadvantages in having money." Perhaps this young hostess would have been less coy about sausages if she had been to any of those really smart and successful dances that Lady Hadfield has been giving lately, where both sausages and beer were served for supper in the dining-room of her house in Carlton House Terrace.

I know I have been catty about this young hostess, but it does irritate me to hear people complaining of having too much money. If she feels that way, I advise a walk down Bond Street. There is a most entrancing clock in Cartier's window made entirely of a square of crystal, with a diamond arrow for the hands. I do not know exactly how much this costs, but I feel sure it would relieve her of a great many guineas, and it would make a charming wedding present for any of the young couples who are about to be married in the near future. Oddly enough, the day after I fell in love with this clock, Mr. "Bill" Gardiner, the managing director of the Société Anonyme which controls that delightful holiday resort, Pourville, showed me his watch, which is made entirely of crystal. It is about the same size and thinness as the flat gold watches men use in these days, but it has square corners. If you turn it over on its face you can see all its machinery busily working inside. It is, I think, the only watch of its kind in this country.

A new crop of dry cleaning establishments is springing up all over London. A few weeks ago I was introduced to one that cleans clothes in twenty-four hours at about two-thirds the usual price. Now this record has been beaten by a "same-day" cleaner that will collect your clothes in the morning and deliver them to you, cleaned and ready to wear again, in the evening. Lady Dunn, who is interested in this concern, was telling me at a cocktail party she gave a day or two ago that they use some very special kind of spirit to clean the clothes that has no benzine in it at all, and that each garment is cleaned separately and not dumped into the machine with lots of other clothes. Lady Dunn was wearing that day a Schiaparelli suit consisting of a long royal-blue coat of a thick woollen material trimmed with black astrakhan, over a black woollen dress. This coat was fastened with Schiaparelli's new brass buttons that look like tiny curtain rings.



Peter North

REFLECTION

A delightful study of Mary, the little daughter of Mr. E. Temple Thurston, the novelist and playwright

One of the most amusing parties I have been to for some time was given the other evening by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baron at their house in Bryanston Square. A great many of the women wore white evening dresses. Mrs. George Monkland's white satin gown had a decided bustle drapery at the back. Mrs. Tirza Clifton also wore white, and so did Mrs. Barbara McCorquodale. Her frock had a large leaf design outlined with silver beads. Mrs. McCorquodale designs many of her own clothes. If she designed this dress she should be congratulated on it. Mrs. Baron wore a lovely frock of pale gold brocade with a shaped panel let into the back of the skirt, and a deep hem of sable or mink. This is the first fur hem I had seen on an evening gown for years.

If you want to see the dowdiest crowd of women in the world you have only to go to the French Exhibition, where you will see the most interesting pictures and the drabbest women you have ever laid eyes on. It may be that a whole lot of pictures make a peculiarly unbecoming background to women, or it may be that women dress carelessly when they are going to look at pictures; but, whatever the cause, the result on women is disastrous. The only woman who was easy to look at the day I was there was Mrs. Wilfred Egerton, who was dressed in a long coat of golden caracul and a small dark brown felt hat.

New dresses for the Spring are already beginning to sneak across from Paris one by one. The majority of the day frocks are made in the new lacy-looking woollens, and the colour that Paris is pinning its faith to at the moment is that deep royal blue. I have even seen it in Bunting's shoes made in a mixture of crocodile and glacé. There is a new string lace that is being used for the bibs of woollen day dresses, and a new kind of leather for handbags that looks like pony skin. I think that shoes of this will soon begin to make an appearance.

London shows are becoming better and better dressed, while the audiences are growing more and more dowdy. *Bow Bells* has beaten all records for beautiful clothes, and yet it is hard to find a dozen smart women among any of its audiences. A few evenings ago one of the richest girls in the world was there dressed in a rather ancient-looking flowered chiffon evening dress and a hip-length day coat made of some dark fur.

GOLF GOSSIP

GOLFING PROSPECTS FOR 1932

By LT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

PERCY ALLISS
The only Englishman who in 1931 did really well when playing in America

VERY few of us will be sorry to have said good-bye to 1931. From the man's point of view we have little to congratulate ourselves upon. The Ryder Cup was a sad affair, and the selection of the team was lamentable. This was partly due, it is true, to conditions which favoured our opponents and prevented us from playing the only man who did really well in the States, Percy Alliss. There were explanations for the play of our team in America, the climatic conditions being dreadful and our men were unable to eat or sleep, but when we remember the performances of the members in the Open, played under conditions to which they are accustomed, there can be no excuses offered. Eric Martin-Smith was perhaps fortunate to win the Amateur Championship, and little need be said of that event.

WHEN we come to review women's golf in 1931 we have just cause for pride. Women's play has developed in a remarkable manner, and is on a much higher plane than that of a few years ago. In view of the International match against the U.S.A., which I hear is likely to be played at Wentworth, there will probably be more American entrants for the Ladies' Championship than ever this year, and the most determined effort yet made to carry this title across the Atlantic. But I feel confident that this will not happen with such players as Enid Wilson, Molly Gourlay Marjorie Garon, Diana Fishwick, and Wanda Morgan to hold the fort for us.

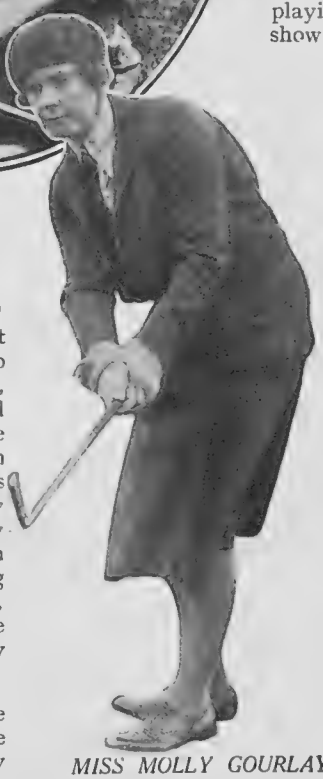
IF in the ranks of our men, amateur or professional, we had such an exceptional player as Joyce Wethered we should indeed be lucky. Here is an outstanding player. Anthony Spalding has described her perfect style as being "Superbly simple, and her shots simply superb." One of her greatest admirers is Bobby Jones, who has said of her that she is "The greatest golfer in the world."

MISS JOYCE WETHERED
Who has been described by Bobby Jones as "the greatest golfer in the world"

ARCHIE COMPSTON
Wearing a sun helmet when playing in the American Open Golf Championship at Detroit last year

WHAT of the future? There is a doubt about the Ryder Cup match taking place, but if it does and different methods are adopted in the selection of the team, such as the inclusion of Henry Cotton and Percy Alliss, together with some of the promising youngsters, Padgham, A. J. Lacey, etc., the result should be very different.

ALTHOUGH we have been unfortunate in the Open for many years, I think there is a reasonable chance of our striking a lucky patch at any time, and I hope it may be this year. Archie Compston is capable of winning it, Arthur Havers is playing fine golf, Percy Alliss showed what he could do against Hagen on the other side of the Atlantic, and then there is the young brigade, many of whom have achieved distinction. We can only hope for the best, and pray for the fates to be with us, for there is no doubt that our professional golf has progressed, and we must not judge it by the Ryder Cup performance.



MISS MOLLY GOURLAY
One of our best women golfers who will be relied upon to face the strong American invasion in the Ladies' Open Championship this year

WE also have some promising amateurs. Of these I consider W. L. Hartley the outstanding figure, L. G. Crawley, Eric Martin-Smith, John de Forest, E. R. Tipple, William Sutton, who has proved that he is still a great player, Eric Fiddian, and, last but not least in bulk or courage, Reggie Straker. Roger Wethered and Sir Ernest Holderness

A. J. LACEY

One of the most promising of our younger professionals who may well be included in our next Ryder Cup Team

MR. JOHN DE FOREST

Whose play has already stamped him as a young amateur of outstanding ability

are apparently devoting their time to the business of commerce and the Home Office respectively, which in these days requires so much attention that it leaves but little time for golf.

How do our amateurs compare with those of, say, thirty years ago? I do not think we have any players to-day who are the equals of H. H. Hilton, John Ball or Robert Maxwell. A proof of the quality of Hilton's play, when in his prime, came to me a few days ago. Taylor, Braid and Herd were discussing him, and were asked point-blank what strokes they could concede to him, and all agreed that they could not give him a stroke. To see Hilton at Hoylake was a sight for the gods. In those days few clubs were carried; to-day there is a club for every shot. Hilton could use his spoon for a mashie shot with deadly accuracy; slice or pull at will with any wooden club; and the way he made use of the wind, whether with or against, was truly marvellous.

MISS WANDA MORGAN

Another young British golfer whose record stamps her as a worthy opponent for any American rival

When we realise what Taylor, Braid, Herd and Vardon have done for golf and what great players they were in their prime, and then consider that Hilton was considered by them to be their equal, it compels us to admit that we have no such amateur to-day, but we must keep on hoping that one, or several, will come to light in the near future, and that we also shall have our own particular Bobby Jones.

The paragraph I wrote about the driving machine at the Golfers' Ball has proved to me that one should not form hasty opinions in the early hours of the morning and particularly at a Ball so successful as this. I watched quite a number of people at the machine and formed my opinion from what I saw, but I now find that the winner of the competition was Mr. McNairn, the German and Swedish Champion, who drove 1,110 yards in five shots. The best ladies' score was that of Miss Molly Gourlay with 960 yards in five shots, Miss Enid Wilson being second with 860 yards. Miss Wilson tried an experiment with the machine. She nominated the length of 120 yards, and drove this distance five times and once 130 yards, making an error of 10 yards only in five shots. This proves to me that I was wrong, and that some of those players were merely rattled by the joking remarks of the "gallery," or found the conditions were not conducive to good golf.

We as a nation are exploring every possible channel by which our trade can be improved, and it seems to me that Golf Clubs can do many things to attract new members and encourage more frequent visits to the club. I notice that a well-known writer on golf, who has been visiting various courses in the South of England, states, of one club in particular, that he had excellent food and drink "at 25 per cent. less than the prices charged at London Clubs."

Often I have been charged between 3s. 6d. and 4s. for the plainest lunch, which could not be compared with the excellent meal served at many small West End restaurants at considerably less cost. Probably one of the reasons is that the catering arrangements are left very much in the hands of the steward, but would it not be a good plan to have on every Committee someone with an expert knowledge of catering? There must be members of almost every club who, during the War, had experience in running messes. Make the menus more varied and tempting and bring down the prices should be the endeavour. This could easily be done if the purchasing was strictly supervised and waste reduced to a minimum. Also, where the green fee is 5s. per day, why not make it

H. COTTON

Another player who is in the first rank of professional golfers and one who is a very hard fighter at all times

2s. 6d. per round to encourage those who can only play in the afternoon?

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And what about competitions, are there no new ideas for these? One little suggestion in this direction: Why not have prizes in every competition to be awarded to players returning the nearest score to two sealed scores, one fairly low and one high? This would encourage players to continue keeping their scores instead of tearing up their cards, and would have the effect of attracting long-handicap players.

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On Christmas Day Major Guy Bennett, the Sandy Lodge Secretary, tried out a match which might quite easily be developed and made the basis of an interesting competition between teams of, say, six. It was originally intended to play a match between the Bennett and Lucas families, five aside, but this was found a little difficult to arrange, so a match

MISS ENID WILSON

A golfer whose all-round merit and ability has brought her to the very front rank of our British women players

between pairs was arranged, each consisting of a member of either family. Holes were valued at 120 points, the winner receiving 60, the second 40 and the third 20 points. Owing to the short day, and I expect a lengthy Christmas dinner, it was not possible to play more than twelve holes. The results were as follows:—Ian Lucas and Miss Margaret Bennett, 230 points; Laddie Lucas and Miss Sheila Bennett, 180 points; Major Guy Bennett and Miss Sylvia Lucas, 121⅔ points; Keith Bennett and Miss Margaret Lucas, 111⅔ points; Mrs. Bennett and Miss Gwen Lucas, 76⅔ points.

A. H. PADGHAM

A young professional who has not been long in making a name for himself as a player of no mean ability

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Major Bennett suggests that it would be better to increase the points to avoid the necessity of working the results down to fractions. I can quite imagine the interest which would be taken in a competition run rather on these lines.

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Captain H. C. C. Tippet has recently written on another reform which would make for greater pleasure for golfers, save the clubs much expense in the upkeep of the fairways, and, in his opinion, greatly improve the standard of play. That is, the adoption of "Winter Rules," which means that during the winter months, mid-November to mid-March, a player may place or tee his ball on the fairway. Captain Tippett considers that the habit of "digging" at a ball, which the frequent bad lies compel, does great damage to one's play.

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Looking at it from the point of view of the man who plays golf to keep fit, and for pure enjoyment, the adoption of this rule would be a real boon. Within the last few weeks I have played over several courses where play was a real effort owing to the bad lies, and there was very little pleasure in the game. What is more annoying than to hit a really good tee-shot and then find that, owing to the sodden condition of the fairway, the ball is half buried and almost unplayable?

(*Above*)

MR. W L. HARTLEY

Who, in the opinion of the author of the accompanying article, is the most outstanding of all our young amateurs

MISS DIANA FISHWICK

Who, it is hoped, will be in fine fettle during this year and prove more than a match for our friends the enemy from the States

Two weeks ago a photograph of Captain Woolf Barnato was published on this page with a paragraph stating that he had taken up a bet that he would reduce his handicap from 1 to scratch in one year. Of course this was an error; it should have read from 10 to scratch.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A BOOK OF AMUSING MEMOIRS

By "Junius"

A De la Poer Beresford without a sense of humour has yet to be born, and that the family gift has descended to the second generation from those four witty and amusing brothers, the fifth Marquess of Waterford, Lord Beresford, Lord William, and Lord Marcus Beresford, is shown by *Book: Discreet Memoirs* (G. Bateman Blackshaw: 12*s.* 6*d.*), by Lady Clodagh Anson. The memoirs begin in the early 'eighties, when Lord Waterford, Lady Clodagh Anson's father, was obliged to shut up Curraghmore because of the Fenian troubles. He had gone on hunting his hounds despite the threats of "Captain Moonlight," he and the followers of the hunt having two loaded pistols in holsters on their saddles. But when the hounds were poisoned, he sold off all the horses, closed the house, and went to live in England until quieter times prevailed.

MUCH of Lady Clodagh's childhood and youth were spent at Curraghmore, "The house," she says, "is not very large, but very contrary, like the rest of Ireland. The back door is next to the front door, with the kitchens and servants' rooms on each side of them." She gives a vivid picture of an Ireland that has entirely passed away, with its hunting, merry house-parties, visits to friends and relations, a gay, inconsequent life, in which to the elders the deepest shadow was Mr. Gladstone. We have lost fierce political detestation in this generation, but the feeling against Mr. Gladstone was such that in describing going to church at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, she says: "There was a long pew just below us where Cabinet Ministers sat, and we had great difficulty in restraining Mother from dropping one of the huge old-fashioned prayer-books on to Mr. Gladstone's head below! We felt that though it would be a splendid thing to do at any other time, somehow Church was not a suitable moment."

OF her three Beresford uncles, Lady Clodagh says they could "really be called perfect relations: they forgot all about us when they didn't see us; and when we did meet they received us with shouts of joy; no one could want better than that." Lord Beresford's wife, she adds, "was the only person I ever met who wore a black nightgown as mourning for her husband."

She likewise had three great-aunts who, if not amusing like the Beresford uncles, were entertaining by their oddities. Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck was one, but Lady Clodagh does not mention that she was known as "Britannia." Her particular eccentricity was to keep no cook and rely upon her relations' houses for her meals. The other two were Emily and Julia Leslie. They lived at Bourdon House, now the Duke of Westminster's town house, and were not on speaking terms. But both gave parties on the same day, one in the front drawing-room; the other in the back.

THE 8th DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

The maternal grandparents of Lady Clodagh Anson, from whose memoirs, "Book," the photograph is reproduced. It is published by G. Bateman Blackshaw at 12s. 6d.

LADY CLODAGH'S mother was the only daughter of the eighth Duke of Beaufort, consequently she has much that is interesting and amusing to say of old days at Badminton, and of her grandfather and grandmother. The Duke was never punctual: the Duchess was never late. After the tragic death of Lord Waterford, followed by that of their mother, Lady Clodagh and her sister, Lady Susan Dawnay, went to Italy, where they were bear-led by Dr. Axel Munthe, whose book on his villa, San Michele, at Capri, has been read, I suppose, by more readers than any other book concerning a house. All those who know the intriguing, sometimes difficult, generally dominating, but always lovable Axel Munthe will agree, I think, that her portrait of him is amazingly faithful. I use the word "amazingly," because I know of nobody else who has given so just an impression of a fascinating personality.

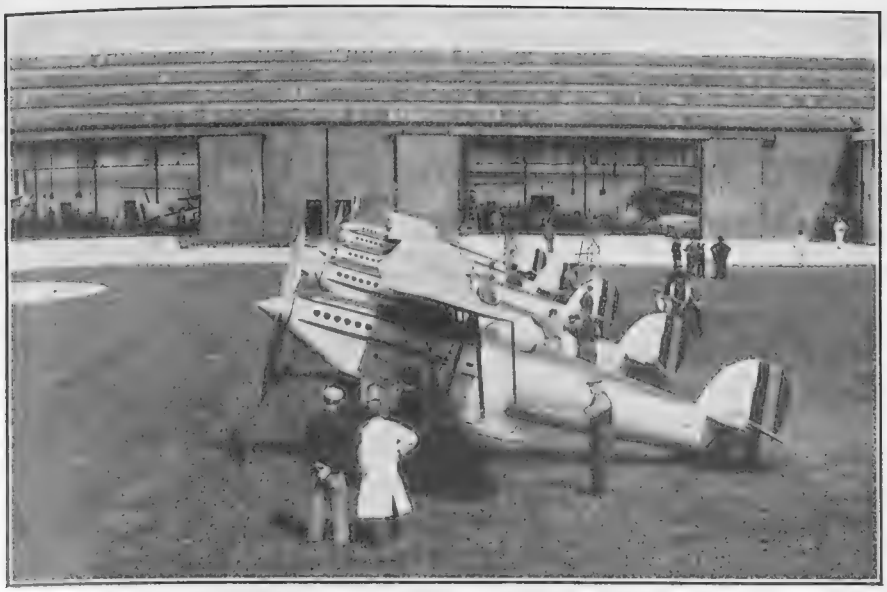
AFTER her marriage to Mr. Claud Anson, Lady Clodagh went to his ranch in Texas. So *Book* is a journeying through all sorts and conditions of life. And at the end we have the writer's experience with a canteen which she runs for the down and outs on and about the Embankment—a splendid work of charity and self-sacrifice. Lady Clodagh breaks a lance in favour of the young folk of to-day. She says they are much more civil and kinder to their elders than the youth of her time. A gay, happy, delightful book which ought to be put down at once in every library list.

I FIND in *Morning and Cloud* (Gollancz, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by E. B. C. Jones, something of that subtle quality in suggestion of character which delights one so much in Edith Wharton's work. Five characters occupy Miss Jones's stage—Cedric Benton, his wife, Bride, his brother-in-law, Johnnie Palliser, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Ridley, and her niece by her second marriage, Anthea Ridley. It is an unusual situation. Mrs. Ridley was divorced by Bride and Johnnie's father when they were little children. After his death, when Bride is married to Benton, and Johnnie is working in the City, she settles in London, taking Anthea to live with her.

The atmosphere is all swirling hidden currents. Cedric is weary of his wife's placidity and falls in love with Anthea. Johnnie falls in love with her too, and for a while Anthea thinks she returns that love. Over Anthea's life Mrs. Ridley exercises an unspoken but antagonistic influence. All these contacts are engrossingly clever, but the cleverest touch of all is the end, when Bride's refusal to consider the breaking of her marriage to Cedric ends the relations that have sprung up between him and Anthea. This is a novel of outstanding reality, written with a delicacy and grace few authors take the trouble—if they have the capacity—to expend upon their work.

"HARBOUR" (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Philip Macdonald, has a nameless hero. He is called The Sailor throughout an exciting and gripping story. A small canvas, but the few characters are vividly alive; and above them all is the dominant, strong, yet gentle personality of The Sailor. More a sketch of a phase of life than a novel, but The Sailor, with his canvas spats reaching half-way up his calves, his gold earring in one ear, his prodigious physical strength, his gentleness, and his astonishing adventures, is a really human character.

FLYING NOTES



Britain has secured a £300,000 contract from Belgium, the second within a few months. The machines illustrated, which have been ordered for the Belgian Air Force, are of the Fairey "Firefly" type, fitted with Rolls-Royce engines, and have a speed in excess of 200 miles an hour, operating at a height of 20,000 feet and over

"AIR LINES FOR TOURISTS"

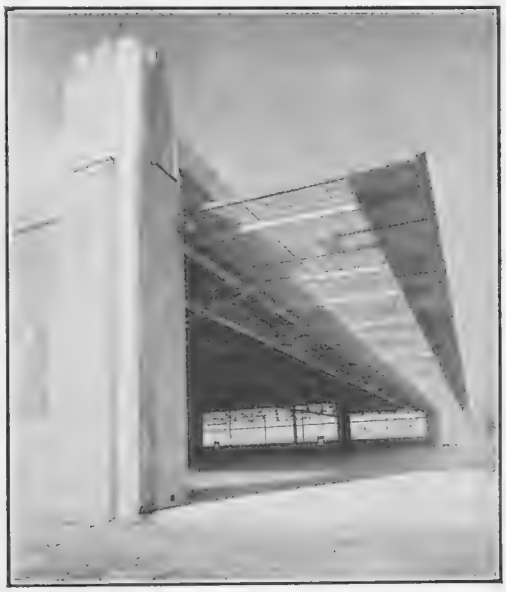
By CAPT. C. E. WARD

"Come to Britain"

Most of us dislike travelling for the reason that the facilities provided for our comfort whilst en route lack something which our alleged civilisation has proved to be essential for our well-being, or because we find our digestions impaired and become bad-tempered in consequence. Any vehicle which will transport us in reasonable safety from A to B, faster than any other, is a boon to mankind, especially if it relieves the monotony of travel by giving us a fresh outlook on familiar places, or takes us over ground we should not see by any other means.

The use of the aeroplane as a transport vehicle has progressed in more senses than the obvious one, because it is the ideal method of travel, reducing time and distance to a minimum, providing comfort with safety, giving us that new outlook on life, and all at a price within the reach of the average income-tax. There are distinct signs that regular air lines in Great Britain will be started this year, especially if the "Come to Britain" Movement can justify its appeal.

The popularity of our country as a tourist "centre" is dependent on overcoming two formidable obstacles to friendly intercourse, the Channel and "Dora," each of which can be negotiated with greater ease by air travel. The reference to the Channel is obvious, but in the case of "Dora" it is possible to minimise her chilling effect by making a rapid tour and by timing one's arrival at various places to coincide with the hour that each is open for food, drink, or sightseeing.



Airport architecture in the United States is a specialist's job. The hangar door at Burbank, California, where all buildings were designed by Austins, has a clear opening of 100 yards, wide enough for two of the largest air liners to enter side by side

"Airwork" in Egypt

For some time past "Airwork" of Heston have had a working arrangement in Egypt to proceed with aviation enterprises, and this has now received official sanction. The joint Anglo-Egyptian concern is to be known as "Misr-Airwork," the local holding being subscribed by the Banque Misr. Mr. Alan Muntz is visiting Egypt shortly to make the final arrangements for a flying school at Almaza aerodrome, Cairo, where four machines are to be stationed for instructional purposes and two Puss Moths for taxi work. The company will have a virtual monopoly of the civil flying activities in Egypt, other than international air route operations which are carried out by Imperial Airways. Both Alexandria and Cairo are developing into busy airports, being at the junction of Europe, Asia and Africa. Misr-Airwork should find plenty of scope for taxi flights to the numerous historic places in Egypt and Palestine. Steamer passengers will be able to fly from Suez to Cairo, rejoining their ships at Port Said, and tourists landing at Alexandria from Europe and America will be able to cover the familiar ground of the Cook's Tour in much less time than of old. The Suez Canal, the minarets of Cairo, the Pyramids, the Valley of Kings, even the desert itself, all seem more impressive from the air.

Flying in India

An advantage of learning to fly at a British School is that one finds the same type of machine in use for instructional purposes all over the world, and wherever you may travel it is usually possible to hire the odd Moth or Avian for a short period, just to keep in practice. In India, a club has been started at Jodhpur, where the Maharajah is himself a keen pilot and has become patron of the enterprise. The aerodrome is one of the finest in the country, forming part of the chain which links Karachi to Calcutta, and situated towards the eastern side of the Sind Desert. It has permanent buildings and a rest-house which was specially built for trans-Continental passengers travelling by the State air line that has been abandoned. The Indian mail is being carried from Karachi to Delhi by Moths, and a new service is scheduled to start in the Spring, linking Karachi, which is now Imperial Airways' terminus, with Bombay and Madras. Messrs. Tata, of Bombay, one of the few all-Indian firms who have been consistently loyal to the Government, are financing this new line.

Club Events

The Students' Ball organised by those who study in the Moth and Gipsy school is a recurring event which is anticipated with pleasure. The date is January 15, at the Portman Rooms, with music from a Dorchester House band, and tickets can be obtained from Stag Lane. The Scottish Flying Club's annual dance is to be held at the Central Hotel, Glasgow, on the 22nd of this month, and the Leicestershire Club will be at home for the same purpose on March 4. Of those functions which have taken place recently, the College of Aeronautical Engineering had a delightful party at the Park Lane, and Sq.-Ldr. Hinkler was duly initiated into the mysteries of the Junior Aero Club, which wines and dines at the sign of the Ham Bone.

MOTOR NOTES

KEEPING WARM IN WINTER

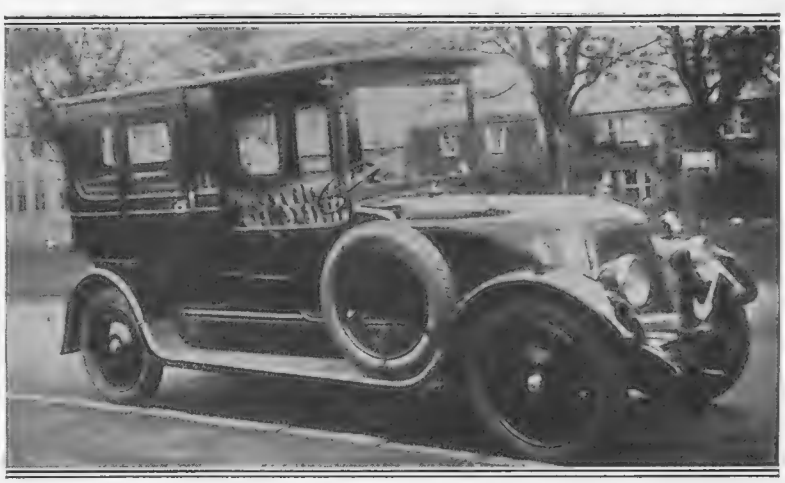
By E. M. WRIGHT

Princess Arthur of Connaught with her Kaye Don Singer Six Saloon. Standing near her is Mr. W. E. Bullock, Managing Director of Singer and Co.

ONLY a novice would imagine that a closed car must of necessity be warm and cosy. Though you have a roof over your head and windows to shut out the weather, the saloon, or whatever type of closed car you have, may still be as cheerless as an ice-box. You may seal every chink as tightly as a sardine tin and yet be cold; and, to make matters worse, the car will grow unendurably stuffy. Hermetic sealing is not the way to keep warm. Bolted and barred within a chilly saloon you will hate every minute of the journey, and at the end of the run will step out of the car with a splitting headache and probably the first symptoms of a streaming cold.

IF the saloon is not to be a fug-box, how, then, are you to keep warm? Far worse than a full-bodied gale is that little wisp of draught which creeps persistantly up a man's trouser legs or down the length of your spine. You must have air, but it is not necessary to have draughts. A little cunning and a little scientific research will solve your difficulties. The holes in the floorboards for the clutch and brake pedals are a fruitful source of draughts. The holes may be sealed with neat rubber muffs which allow free play to the pedals and cut out all draughts. Good thick carpets will prevent draughts from coming up through odd chinks in the floor. You should have one window open, but see that the windows that are shut fit snugly and don't let in thin piercing draughts—and this applies also to the doors and to the windscreen itself. Study, too, where you feel the cold. If you get cold feet, for instance, try the effect of thicker socks or stockings and don't wear tight shoes; they impede the circulation. Quite a common dodge is to keep a pair of warm slippers in the car to change into. Loose cushions will keep out those annoying draughts from the small of your back. In the front compartment you benefit by the heat from the engine, but don't forget the passengers in the back seat. Elderly people particularly will appreciate the luxury of a foot-muff or an electric radiator—and do not despise a rug.

NEVER, if it can possibly be avoided, do I drive even short distances with every window shut. The fug inside the car would of itself grow bad enough to give you a headache, whilst even in the best cars there is always a trace of fumes from the engine. So long as you have reasonable ventilation, these fumes are quite unnoticeable. If you shut the car up tight, they will quickly make you feel heavy and drowsy. Insist on having one window open always. This should be one of the front windows on the side away from the wind, if that is possible. A few inches are enough to keep the interior fresh without blowing you out of your seat. Opening the rear windows is not nearly so satisfactory as it causes draughts round the back of your neck. On a raw and blowy day, insistence on ventilation will not be popular, but though it involves a little discomfort it is well worth while.



The Hooper limousine body supplied to the Earl of Derby in 1905, when it was fitted to a Napier chassis. Since that date it has been twice transferred, and is now in use on the 30 h.p. Armstrong seen above, and is still giving every satisfaction

IN THE NEWS

Baby Car Records at Pendine

The Pendine Sands, once the scene of many successful attempts on the world's land speed record, have been rediscovered by Mr. G. E. T. Eyston, who will attack the world's mile and kilometre records for cars of under 750 c.c. there when his new racer, the "Magic Dart," is ready. At Montlhéry just before Christmas Mr. Eyston established a new "fastest ever" record for baby cars, averaging nearly 115 m.p.h. over five kilometres in an M.G. His car, by the way, was fitted with K.L.G. sparking plugs and lubricated with Wakefield Castrol oil.

Successes in South Africa

In the New Brooklands motor races at Johannesburg a few weeks ago two standard Willys Six cars, a tourer and a two-seater, carried all before them, the tourer establishing the fastest time of the day and a new record of 62 m.p.h. for a five-mile lap. In a 25-mile open handicap race the two-seater led at the finish by no less than two miles. A lap record of 62 m.p.h. does not sound particularly high, but the course, I understand, is a dirt track with many sharp bends.

School for Motor Salesmen

Overseas motorists never tire of telling us of the shortcomings of British motor salesmanship. We are learning by our mistakes, and now there is a special Institute of Motor Salesmanship in London, where students learn the theory and practice of "putting it across." In future years I shall expect the attendants on the stands at Olympia to know something about their job.

A Correction

Mr. D. H. Noble, one of the stalwarts who is driving from John o' Groats in the Monte Carlo Rally, points out that I under-estimated the distance in my reference to the subject last week. As it happens, a chance misprint also knocked off another thousand miles. The actual distance is 1,847½ miles.

IF SAM WELLER

had asked to-day, 'Vich is your partickler wanity? Vich wanity do you like the flavour on best Sir?'

the answer, of course, would invariably be ~

KING GEORGE IV

1166B

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

DOGS

TRY YOUR TYKE

By LADY KITTY RITSON

THE two shows which are just ahead of all dog breeders are Cruft's in February and The Alsatian League of Great Britain's in the same month. The latter is, of course, a specialist show.

At Cruft's there will be a huge variety of judges, and in most cases there will be a foreign judge for each foreign breed scheduled, which makes it always more interesting. Even foreign breeds soon come to bear an English "stamp" on them and become standardised, therefore it is rather amusing to see what a foreign judge will do.

AN eminent English judge once expressed the opinion to me that there was no such thing as "a competent foreign judge." This may or may not be so, but they are never as keen on soundness as an Englishman would be. Soundness is his fetish, and a very good thing too, in the show ring. In working dogs, the proof of the pudding, etc., and I have seen many a cow-hocked sheep dog and many a good gun-dog that was far from sound. But then they did not come into the show-ring, but justified their existence by their work, so all was well.

The Foreign Dog classes are always interesting at Cruft's, and this year there will be several new varieties.

Finnish Spitz are having separate classes scheduled for them at Richmond Championship Show, for the first time, so we may expect to see a gathering of the orange- and chestnut-coated dogs at this particularly smart show.

IF you are one of the many dog-owners who possesses a dog that you believe to be good, but on whom you would like an expert opinion, this is the moment to prepare it for a show and to enter it. All dogs must be entered at the Kennel Club before they can be shown. Write to the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, and ask for a registration form. The registration fee is 3s. You will have to fill in the dog's dam and sire, and grandams and grandsires. Should his pedigree be unknown, you can arrange to take the dog to the Kennel Club, where it will be examined by an expert, and if he believes it to be a pure-bred specimen it will be registered. Having done this, send for a schedule of whichever show you fancy (all shows are advertised in the *Dog World*) and enter him in one class, preferably Novice. At an Open show your entry fee will be about six shillings, at a Championship show, 10s. 6d. This will not cost you a lot of money, and you will see for yourself how your dog compares with other people's. There are also evening shows, where the entry fees are about three shillings only.

Diana Churchill, who is playing in "Champion North" at the Royalty Theatre. She is seen in the Park with three of the four Collie dogs appearing in this play

THERE are one or two glaring faults, which would make it impossible for a dog to win a prize. If it is "over-shot" or "under-shot," for instance. The first is when the upper jaw protrudes beyond the lower and vice-versa, unless, of course, the dog is a bulldog or some breed of which this is one of the points.

Cow-hocks mean that the hocks turn inwards towards each other, instead of being in a straight line. Rickets generally show themselves by an enlargement of the bones, or bowed legs. There are many other minor faults, but these may be compensated for by virtues which are more important. In some breeds heads are considered very important, and a coarse head in a terrier would be a grave fault.

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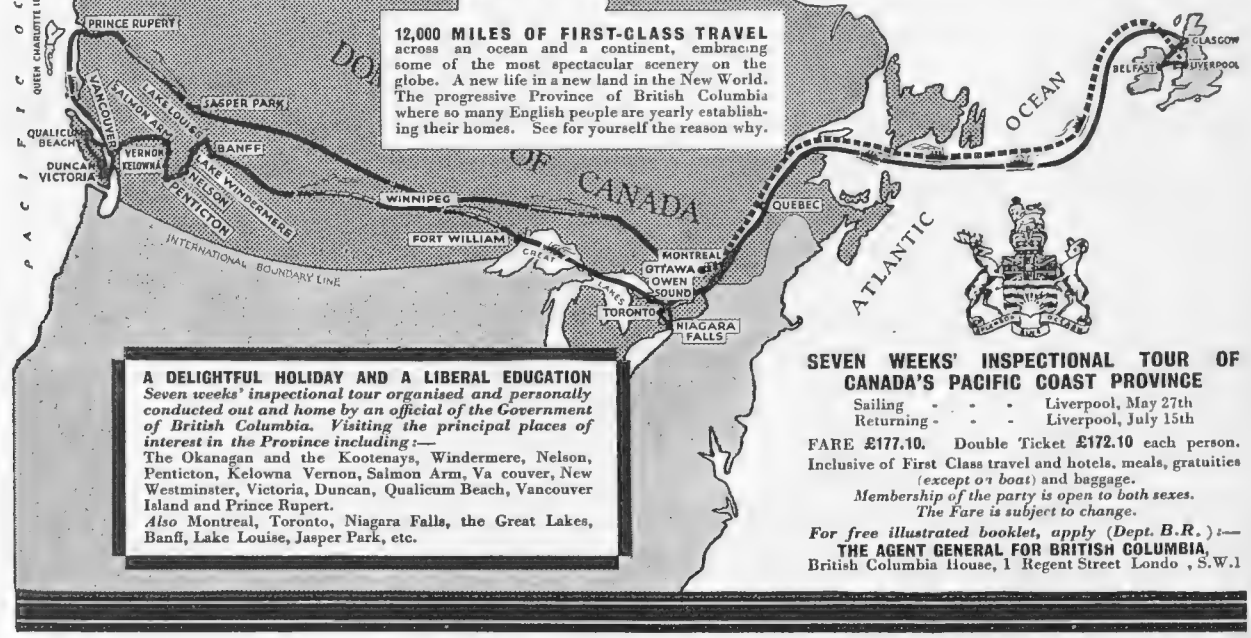

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SHOOTING NOTES

GOOD SNIPE SHOOTING AHEAD

By "CLODHOPPER"

A well-known Buxton sportsman whom I met while hunting with the High Peak Harriers a few days ago told me that not for many years past have the wet and rushy patches among the Derbyshire hills and dales been so well populated with snipe as at the present time. Similar reports of a plenitude of longbills come from all parts of the country where water-meadows, marshlands, and other favourable feeding-grounds prevail. One ventures to predict, therefore, that snipe-shooters will enjoy rattling good sport during this and next month.

A wet summer, such as we experienced last year, invariably leads to a good snipe season; a dry summer, on the contrary, to a poor one. For example, the exceptionally rainless spring and summer months of 1930, though followed by a "bumper" season for grouse, partridges, and game generally, preceded one of the very worst snipe years within my memory. And rather more than thirty-five winters have passed over my now grizzled head since I accounted for my "maiden" snipe on the North Bucks water-meadows.

A long spell of drought dries up the feeding-grounds and causes worms and other "succulent dainties," which form the staple food of snipe, to remain well below the surface. On the other hand, a wet summer and autumn make soft boring and well-stocked larders for these birds of long but tender and highly sensitive bills. All these facts are thoroughly well understood by Gallinago, who, like his lordly cousin, the woodcock, is a great gourmand. He also knows where to look for fresh haunts, rich in provender, when his favourite habitat is sealed against him by frost or drought.

One of the many charming eccentricities of this great little sportsman in feathers is that you never can tell from what unexpected hole or corner he may spring a surprise upon you. Many a snipe have I flushed while walking up partridges in a patch of roots, after an early ground-frost and when the dripping moisture from the heavy tops of the turnips or mangolds has rendered the underlying soil sufficiently soft for the longbills to commence boring operations. And where is the early morning snipe-shooter (the lie-abed "gunner" seldom makes a decent bag of snipe) who has not at some time or another sprung from the most unlikely looking ditch, pond-hole, pool or puddle, both full and jack snipe?

Norman Kay.

"What's jollier than an early morning shoot when there's a nip in the air?"

"Only a late night at the club when there's a nip in the glass"

But the two important points to be considered in regard to this fascinating form of shooting are: the most successful method of working a snipe ground and the art of killing snipe. Whether your ground consists of water-meadows, rough marsh or bog, it must be walked slowly, without splashing through water, and as silently as possible. Unless a dog is under perfect control and will work to signals, he should be left at home. So, too, should any guest who cannot hold his tongue, for the sound of a human voice is sufficient to put a snipe up, just out of shot.

As to whether snipe should be walked up or down wind is, I think, merely a matter of opinion. As a matter of fact, it would be difficult to find a snipe-shoot of such regular foundation that it could be traversed by a gun and his dog either up-, down-, or across-wind for any considerable distance. The idea of walking down-wind is that a snipe, in rising against it, offers, for half a second or so, a fixed and comparatively easy mark. This may be so, but I believe that any such advantage is counterbalanced by walking snipe up-wind, as the birds invariably lie closer when the latter method is practised. In any case, I am more than inclined to think that it doesn't matter whether you walk with or against the wind.

The time-honoured idea that a snipe, after rising, performs exactly three twists and then proceeds on a perfectly straight flight is absurd. He may do half a dozen twists or no twists at all. He may even dart skyward like an animated rocket. While shooting recently I saw a snipe dart out from a patch of rushes and across the river, on a flight straight as that of an arrow. A little later in the day another longbill, when flushed by my dog from a small dyke, swung right-handed in a wide half-circle without showing even the sign of a "zig-zag."

A fairly light 12-bore, with 25in. or 28in. barrels bored improved cylinder, is the gun par excellence for snipe. But it must fit you like a glove, otherwise your bag is likely to be a meagre one. I do not advocate heavy loads for this kind of shooting. One ounce of No. 8 shot and 34 grs. of "Smokeless Diamond" give excellent results. You cannot be too quick on a snipe, therefore pull at him the instant he springs and before he begins his twisting tricks. Should he be going straight away, hold a little above him; if he offers either a right- or a left-handed shot, aim above and well in front of him. Before all things, remember that the snipe-shooter's motto should be: "He who hesitates is lost."

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE OLDEST SHOOTING PROBLEM

A great many shooters who have become convinced of the merits of small shot, practical as well as theoretical, often find reason to distrust their judgment. Nothing has been added to the arguments for and against during the past 120 years. Ever and always results are appearing not quite satisfactory which might have been better had large been used instead of small or small instead of large. Personally, I favour small shot, size 6½ at 300 to the ounce rather than 7's at 340. All practical differences are slight; for instance, assume one-third more weight in a large pellet than a small and one-third more of the small to compensate their deficiency. Chance decides within very wide limits of variation the number of pellets that actually strike the quarry, hence no single result or even sequence of results can settle a question subject to this variable and so many equally vital besides. To my mind, far more important in practical effect is whether the batch of cartridges in use delivers its charge in a uniformly repeated cluster of good formation. To make the test at the convenient twenty yards distance requires an iron plate, some whitewash and a brush, but few take the trouble, though they spend many hours seeking to decide by discussion what this test illuminates rather than decides. At the finish the theoretical argument favours small shot for open shooting guns and medium sizes for those carrying a fair amount of choke.

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Luncheon

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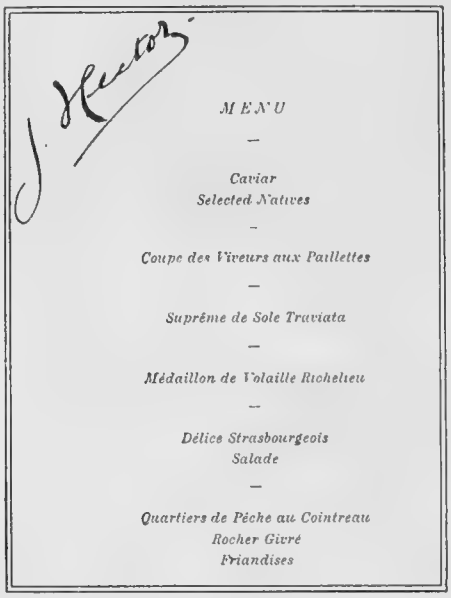
CÔTELETTES DE VEAU À LA MILANAISE.

POMMES FRITES.

OMELETTE AU RHUM.

ARMANDES À LA DIABLE.

CAFÉ.



The menu of a dinner served at one of the Sunday night dinner dances which are so popular a feature at Claridge's. It has been signed by the Restaurant Manager

Filets de Sole à la Villeroi

MINCE finely eight mushrooms, put them into a frying-pan with two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped shallots and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Add one ounce of butter and season with pepper and salt. Toss these ingredients over the fire until cooked, then let them get cold. Skin and fillet two soles; cover one side of each with the above mixture, roll them up, tie each with a piece of thread, place them in a buttered sauté pan, and bake for ten minutes. Have ready some rich white sauce. Put each fillet into a china case, place a small mushroom on top of each. Fill up the cases with the hot sauce, and sprinkle over with a few breadcrumbs. Return to the oven for a few moments to brown the tops. Dish up and serve.

Côtelettes de Veau à la Milanaise

SPRINKLE some veal cutlets with salt and pepper, dip them into oiled butter, and then into breadcrumbs seasoned with pepper and salt. Allow this to set, then repeat the process, only using egg yolk instead of butter, and fry in boiling fat. Meanwhile, boil some macaroni, drain well, and cut it up rather small. Then add to it a good lump of butter, a pinch of freshly ground black pepper, salt to taste, the yolk of an egg, and sufficient tomato sauce to colour and flavour it well. Toss it all over the fire till quite hot, stirring it all the time, then heap it in the centre of a hot dish and arrange the cutlets round it.

Omelette au Rhum

BEAT up four eggs with a tablespoonful of cream, a tiny pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of caster sugar. Melt half an ounce of butter in the omelette pan, pour in the mixture, and cook while stirring until it begins to set. Let it colour slightly under the grill. Then roll up carefully and turn out on a hot dish. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. Add a small spoonful of rum, which is poured alight on the top of the omelette. Dish up quickly and serve.

Armandes à la Diable

BLANCHE as many sweet almonds as required, sprinkle them with cayenne pepper and a little salt. Fry them in butter until a rich golden colour. Place on paper to drain well. Serve hot.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Sensible Economy

Softened water can play a big part in adding to the general amenities of life, and all who are wise enough to install an "Essex Dragor" Water Softener on their premises will be pleasantly surprised by the advantages accruing therefrom. Softened water not only beautifies the skin and hair, but also combats rheumatism and kindred diseases. The use of softened water has other advantages in that it prevents furring and deposits in pipes and boilers, reduces plumbers' bills and fuel consumption, and saves on tea, soap, coffee and soda. The "Essex Dragor," which is the water softener par excellence, is an all-British product manufactured by Drake and Gorham, Ltd., of 36, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1, who will be pleased to supply full information to any reader who applies to them for their illustrated catalogue No. 504.

A Free Catalogue of Note

Well illustrated catalogues are always interesting, and one has just been issued which is particularly worthy of attention. It has 156 pages, and more than 170 illustrations and plans devoted to timber bungalows, pavilions, church buildings, club buildings, garages, stables, and portable buildings of all types, as well as garden furniture, garden frames, etc. In it one can find just the type of building one wants, clearly shown with all its advantages featured. In the cases of the bungalows and similar buildings the illustrations are accompanied by floor plans and full details. The prices in every case—based on present-day cost of production—show how reasonably one can obtain the building one desires. A copy of this interesting and useful book will be sent post free to readers of this paper. Send a postcard to Browne and Lilly, Ltd., Thames Side, Reading.

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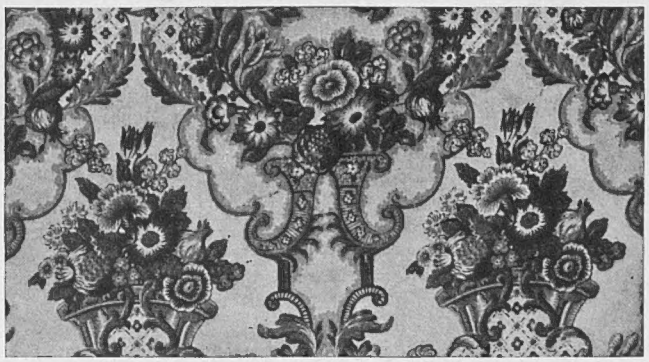

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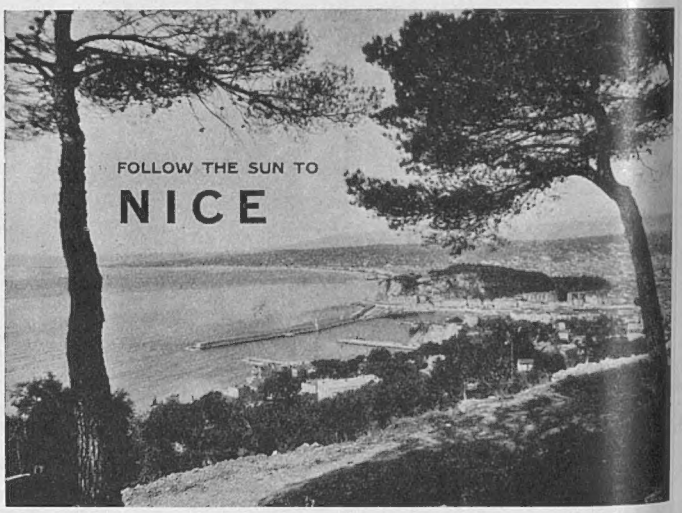

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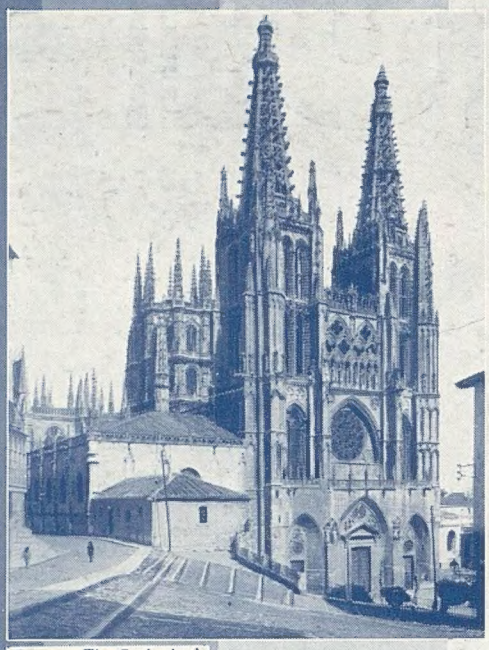
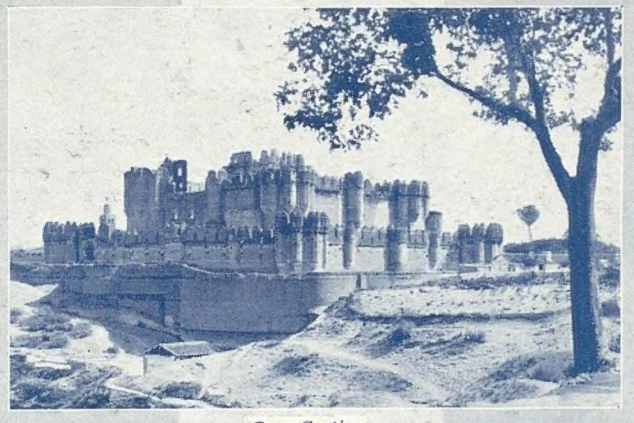


Burgos. The Cathedral.

Salamanca. Façade of University.



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